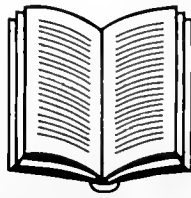


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The Southron

1915



Edited by
the Student Body
OF
Southern University

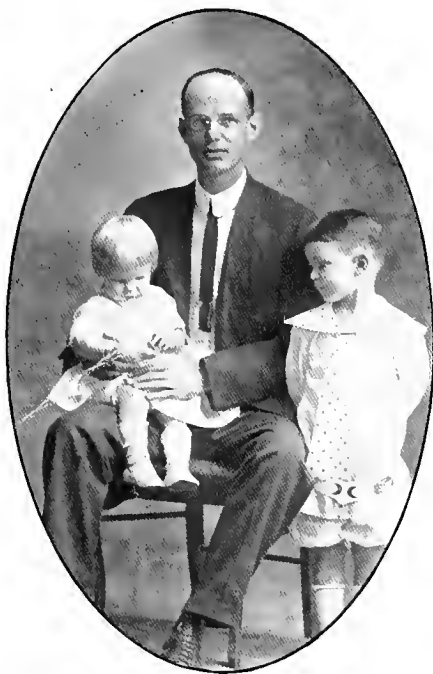


On University Avenue, Showing Homes of the Professors

ALUMNI.



OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



J. H. JAMES, President



C. P. ATKINSON, Vice-President



J. B. TATE, Secretary

SOPHOMORE.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Colors: Purple and Green

Flower: Violet

Motto: "From possibility to reality."

YELL.

Sophomore, Sophomore is our cry!

V—I—C—T—O—R—Y.

OFFICERS.

T. J. ANDERSON	<i>President</i>
BEULAH CALHOUN	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. B. BENSON	<i>Secretary</i>
D. W. GODFREY	<i>Treasurer</i>

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W. H. ROBERTSON
J. W. SLEDGE

FOREWORD

The Students of the Southern University take pleasure in presenting to all S. U. men the "Southron" of 1915. We trust that the portrayal of college activities in this volume will be of interest and value, now and in future years, to both students and alumni.





REV. CHARLES A. RUSH, D. D., PRESIDENT

DEDICATION

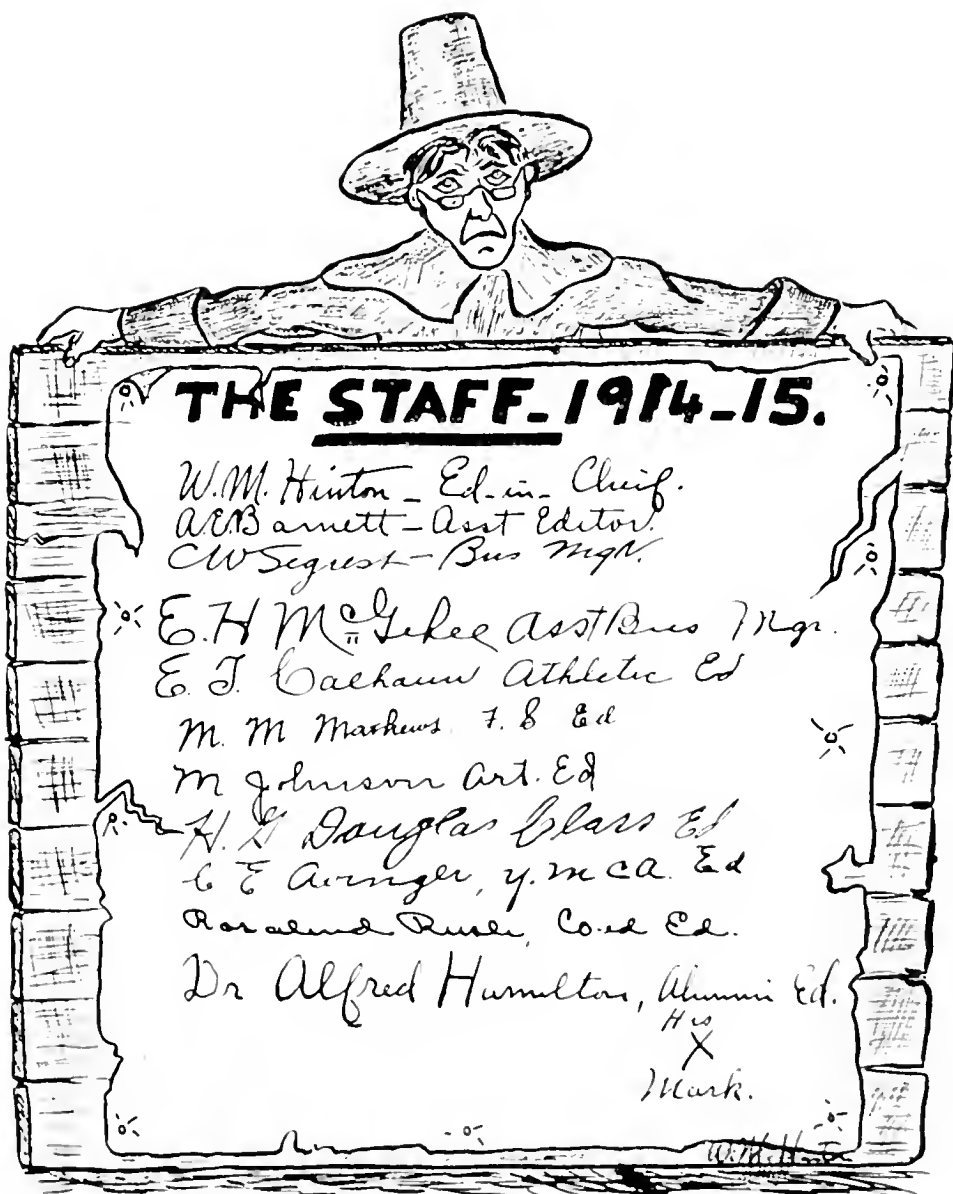


*In grateful recognition of his constant interest and faithful
support in all that pertains to the highest development
of the students of the Southern University, and
with sincere appreciation for his unselfish de-
votion and friendship, we dedicate this
second volume of the Southron to*

DR. CHARLES ANDREW RUSH.



EDITORIAL STAFF



THE STAFF. 1914-15.

W.M. Hinton - Ed-in-Chief.
A.B. Barnett - Asst Editor.
C.W. Sequest - Bus Mgr.

✱ E.H. McGee Asst Bus Mgr.

E. J. Bachman Athletic Ed

M. M. Marshers 7. 8 Ed

M. Johnson Art. Ed

R. H. Douglas Class Ed

C. E. Aringer, y.m.c.a. Ed

Roseland Rush, Code Ed.

Dr. Alfred Hamilton, Alumni Ed.

H. W.
X
Mark.

A WORD FROM DR. RUSH



HIS second "Annual," sent forth from the Southern University, is a labor of love on the part of its editors, and although they have encountered an unusual number of discouragements, their determined perseverance has accomplished the task. We expect it to gladden the hearts of our friends, and be a most pleasing souvenir to each student, of the friendships, the successes, and the defeats of the session 1914-15.

It has been said that the most potent influence in shaping the character and destiny of a college student, is the College Ideals. If these be high, pure, and strong, then life will be filled with joy and success. I wish, therefore, for every student who enters these halls, that he or she, may always enjoy the full consciousness of the privileges which rightfully belong to the child of God. This means the attainment of Knowledge, the possession of Wisdom, and the exercise of Love.

He who makes the attainment of Knowledge the end of his purpose, may secure great eminence as a man of learning, but his very greatness will be his undoing unless he has Wisdom to apply causes which will produce desired results. But even Wisdom to apply Knowledge is often used to the ruin of a fellowman, so we must have that Love which always considers, not only our own welfare, but that of another as well. This is the trinity of forces which makes man Godlike in character. Knowledge, Wisdom and Love, and the possession of them will give to each one of you success in whatever place or business your life work may be spent.

(Signed)

C. A. RUSH.



W.M. Hester.



C. A. RUSH, D.D.

President.

A. B., Southern University, 1886. A. M., Southern University, 1888. President of Montgomery District High School, 1891-94. D. D., Southern University, 1910. President Southern University, 1914—

C. P. ATKINSON, A.M., Ph.D., D.D.

Professor of Philosophy and the English Bible. B. S., Southern University, 1888; A. M., Southern University, 1890; Teacher in High School, 1888-89; Tutor in Southern University, 1889-90; Graduate Work by Correspondence in Illinois Wesleyan University; Ph. D., Illinois Wesleyan University, 1910; Two Courses Philosophy, Harvard Summer School, 1905; D. D., Southern University, 1910; Professor of Philosophy, Southern University, 1904—



FRANK ELIJAH CHAPMAN, A.M.

Professor of Mathematics.

A. B., Southern University, 1902; A. M., Vanderbilt, 1907; Fellow and Assistant in Mathematics, Vanderbilt, 1906-07; Member American Mathematical Society; Professor of Mathematics, Southern University, 1907—





THEODORE HENLEY JACK, A.M.

Alumni Professor of History.

A. B., University of Alabama, 1902, and A. M., 1903; A. M., Harvard University, 1908; Classical Master, Sewanee Grammar School, 1903-06; Peabody Fellow in Economics, Tulane, 1906-07; University Scholar, Harvard, 1907-09; Assistant in History, Harvard, 1908-09; Alumni Professor of History, Southern University, 1909—Now doing graduate work for Ph. D., at University of Chicago, and Acting as Assistant Instructor in History.

DAVID MARTIN KEY, A.M.

Professor of Ancient Languages.

A. B., Central College, 1898; A. M., Vanderbilt, 1906; Professor of Ancient Languages, Morrisville College, 1903-05; Fellow and Assistant in Latin and Greek, Vanderbilt, 1906-07; Graduate Student, University of Chicago; Professor of Ancient Languages, Southern University, 1907—



ARTHUR BONNER, A.B., S.T.B., A.M., Ph.D.

Professor of English, and Public Speaking.

A. B., and S. T. B., Boston University, 1909; Graduate Student, Boston University, 1910-11; A. M., 1910, and Ph. D., 1911, Boston University; Grammar Master, Thorndike Grammar School, and Supervisor, Graded Schools, Palmer, Mass., during part of Undergraduate Course; Pastor Churches in Greater Boston, M. E. Church, North, during Theological and Graduate Courses; 1910-12, Pastor Highlands M. E. Church, Lowell, Mass.; Professor of English, Southern University, 1912—





J. C. GODBEY, A.M.

Professor of Natural Sciences.

A. B., Central College, 1904; A. M., Central College, 1905; Principal, New Haven (Mo.) Public Schools, 1905-06; Student in Summer School, University of Missouri, 1906; Principal and Assistant Superintendent, of Paris (Mo.) Public Schools, 1906-08; Member of County Commission and Text Book Commission (Mo.) 1907-08; Scholastic Fellow in Chemistry, Vanderbilt University, 1908-10; Principal of Academy and Supervisor of Athletics, Central College, 1910-13; University of Leipzig, Institut für Anorganische Chemie, 1911-12 (on leave of absence from Central College); Professor of Natural Sciences, Southern University, 1913—

S. C. STEINBRENNER, A.M.

Professor of Modern Languages.

A. B., Charles City College, 1899; Theological Seminary, Frankfort (Germany), 1902; Courses in Modern Languages, Strassburg, 1902-03; Professor of Modern Languages, Commercial College, Saarbrücken, 1903-04; Professor of Modern Languages, Military College, Metz, 1904-05; Pastor M. E. Church, Lansing, La., 1905-07; Professor of Modern Languages, Charles City College, 1907-13; A. M., Charles City College, 1908; Graduate Student, University of Chicago; Professor of Modern Languages, Southern University, 1913—



N. M. LEWIS, A.M.

Professor of History and Economics.

B. I., Louisiana Industrial Institute, 1907; Student at Washington and Lee, 1908-09; A. B., Louisiana State University, 1912; A. M., Louisiana State University, 1913; Supply Professor of History and Economics, Southern University, 1914—





RALEIGH W. GREENE, B.S., B.D.

Principal Fitting School.

B. S., Auburn, 1892; B. D., Vanderbilt, 1896;
Instructor Montgomery District High School,
1894-95; Eufaula District High School, 1903-04;
Principal Southern University Fitting School,
1914—



W. CLARENCE WILBURN, A.B.

First Assistant in S. U. Fitting School.

A. B., Southern University, 1910; President of
Moundville High School; Professor in S. U. F.
S., 1913—




MITFORD M. MATHEWS.

Second Assistant S. U. Fitting School.

A. B., Southern University, 1915.

PRESIDENT RUSH

 RESIDENT Charles Andrew Rush was born in Macon County, Alabama, October 31, 1862. His father being an itinerant Methodist preacher, Charles received his primary education in the schools available in the places where the preacher's home was located. At the age of seventeen he entered Southern University. A year and a half later he was forced to withdraw from college on account of a lack of funds. Returning in the latter half of the session of 1884-5 he received the A. B. degree from this institution in June, 1886. He did most of the work for the A. M. degree subsequently, while a student in graduate work. In 1910 the degree of D. D. was conferred by his Alma Mater. While in college he was a member of the Belles Lettres literary society and of the Sigma Epsilon fraternity. He was also one of the founders of the S. U. monthly, the Review and Bulletin. In January, 1887, he was married to Miss Rosalind Roebuck of Birmingham. Previous to his marriage Dr. Rush was, in 1885, admitted to the Alabama Annual Conference. Since that time he has filled all kinds of appointments in the bounds of the Conference.

Although most of his life has been spent in the active ministry, President Rush is not without experience as an educator. For two years—1891-'94—he was President of the Montgomery District High School, with notable success. During the past twenty years, while active in the pastorate and presiding eldership, he has been a positive factor in the work and policy of Southern University as a member of its Board of Trustees. On August 3, 1914, Dr. Rush was elected President of S. U. He has taken hold of this new field of work with an experienced hand.

As a college president, Dr. Rush exhibits a "many sidedness" that makes him particularly fitted for his position. He is a keen observer of human nature, and his understanding of student life makes him an appreciative sympathizer and a kindly adviser to all with whom he comes in contact. Dr. Rush contends that he is not a member of the faculty and consequently feels a deep sympathy for the unfortunate student who incurs the ire of that "terrible conclave."

Southern University is indeed to be congratulated in obtaining, for her executive head, a man so well fitted for the position and so able to place her among our leading educational institutions, where she of a right belongs. With President Rush at the helm the future is extremely bright for the college.

CLASS OF 1861



J. ATKINSON

From Joseph Atkinson, A.M., M.D., Class of 1861: "The old live in the past. See the aged veteran as he halts on the steep declivity of time with half averted face reading the volume of life backward like a Hebrew book. Is it any wonder your correspondent asks himself 'Where are the friends of my youth?'"

The echo comes back from the voiceless graveyards of Tennessee and the silent burying grounds of Virginia.

I have been in active practice forty-nine years and am in my seventy-sixth year.

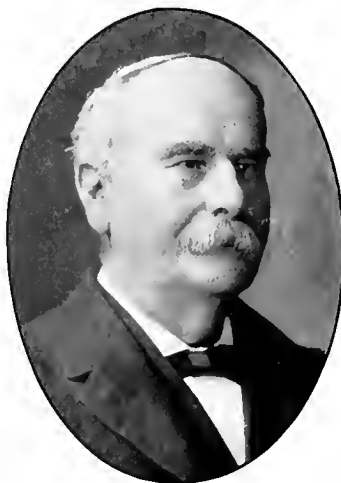
J. ATKINSON.

W. J. Spillman, San Antonio, Tex. One of the two oldest living alumni, born in 1841. He writes:

"As you will see from the catalogue there were only two who had degrees conferred in the Class of 1861, Joe Atkinson and myself. The last time I heard from him, he was practicing medicine in Louisiana. He married a Greensboro lady the day after we received our diplomas, and I had the pleasure of attending his marriage. He survived the war. About two weeks after graduating, I joined the 2nd Alabama Regiment and served with it until its enlistment expired, re-enlisting the following spring with the 35th Mississippi Regiment and served with it in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi until the war closed. I was wounded at the battle of Corinth and captured after the siege of Vicksburg. My life since has been devoted to school work in Mississippi and Texas, serving as President or filling chairs in various institutions. Three years since, owing to increasing age and physical infirmity, I retired from work.

With best wishes,

W. J. SPILLMAN.



W. J. SPILLMAN

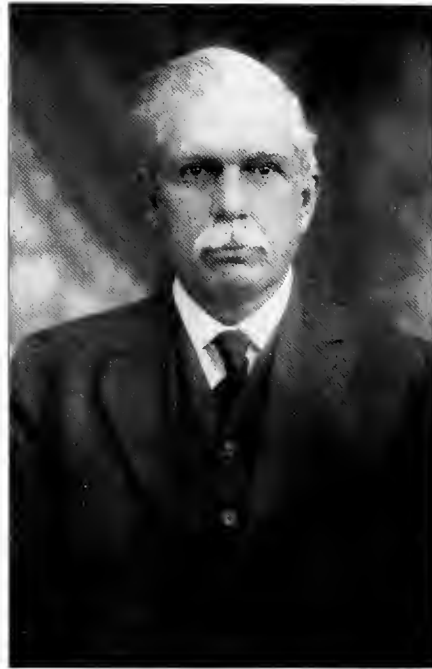
ALUMNI



C. A. RUSH, Pres. Southern University



W. E. MARTIN, Pres. Ward-Belmont



J. D. SIMPSON, Pres. Birmingham College

COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

ALFRED P. HAMILTON, A.B., M.A.

A.B., Southern University; A.M., University of Pennsylvania; two semesters study at the University of Leipzig, Germany; Professor Latin and German at Woman's College of Alabama, 1912 —

EDWARD KIMBROUGH TURNER, Ph.D., Class 1890.

A.B., 1890 and A.M., 1892, Southern University; Graduate Fellow, 1893-95, and A.M., 1905, Vanderbilt University; Headmaster, Vanderbilt Training School, Bridgeport, Alabama, 1895-97; Principal Sub-Freshman Department, 1897-98; Adjunct Professor of Modern Languages, 1898-99; and Professor of Ancient Languages, 1899-1900, Southern University; Student at Leipzig, Berlin, Halle-Wittenberg, 1900-1902; Ph.D., Halle-Wittenberg, 1902; Professor of Greek, 1902-03, Southern University; Professor of Latin, Emory College, since 1903—

CHARLES PRESCOTT ATKINSON, A.M., Ph.D., D.D.

B.S., Southern University, 1888; A.M., Southern University, 1890; Teacher in High School, 1888-89; Tutor in Southern University, 1889-90; Graduate Work by Correspondence in Illinois Wesleyan University; Ph.D., Illinois Wesleyan University, 1910; Two Courses Philosophy, Harvard Summer School, 1905; D.D., Southern University, 1910; Professor of Philosophy, Southern University, 1904—

FRANK ELIJAH CHAPMAN, M.A.

A.B., Southern University, 1902; M.A., Vanderbilt, 1907; Fellow and Assistant in Mathematics, Vanderbilt, 1906-07; Member American Mathematical Society; Professor of Mathematics, Southern University, 1907—

H. C. HOWARD, B.S., CLASS OF 1889.

Professor in the Methodist University, Atlanta, Sept., 1914.

"Scarcely anything gives me a more sensible measure of the flight of time than the contemplation of my college days. How silently and tenderly the years have watched beside the graves of those who are gone! Out of my own class, that of 1889, I think of Luther Smith, and Caleb Williams, and Jim Lockhart, and others. And how kindly and wakefully the years have kept guard over the pathway of those who still are here! Jim McCoy is a Bishop, "Sheb" Chadwick has developed fine gifts as an editor, Ira Hawkins, as long as ever but not quite so lean, is one of the shiftest of the "elders," and Edgar Elliott has been to the Legislature, and is a famous merchant. Jim Morris, and Pruett, and all the rest, are doing well so far as I have information of them.

Notwithstanding they are retreating into a past which begins to grow a little dim the years spent at the old "S. U." stand out among the tremendously vital experiences of my life. Those were the days when Dr. Andrews was there, and Prof. Peterson, and Prof. Grote, and Prof. Moore, and Prof. Sturdivant, and Prof. Geisler. There was not one of them who did not show me all the kindness I deserved, and throw in something for good measure. To the full extent of the power that I possess would I bring down the blessings of God on the dear old institution, on all its alumni, and on all its officers, students, and friends, present and to come.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 13, 1915.

H. C. HOWARD.

ALUMNI



A.P. HAMILTON



E. K. TURNER



C.P. ATKINSON



H.C. HOWARD



F. E. CHAPMAN

COLLEGE PROFESSORS

ALUMNI



R. I. WILLIAMS
Governor of Oklahoma

ALUMNI

LETTER FROM F. E. PORTER, CLASS OF 1887.

Ancon, Canal Zone, October 15, 1914.

Mr. C. W. Segrest,
Greensboro, Alabama.

Dear Sir:

"The Southron," several communications from Mr. J. H. Baxley, of Dothan, Ala., and your favor of the 11th ultimo relative thereto, were all received while I was in the hospital, where I have undergone several severe operations on my head and been confined since the 18th of last May.

Now as to "The Southron," it is not just what I expected, for in carelessly reading the prospectus I rather jumped at the conclusion that it was to be a kind of register or directory of the S. U. from its beginning, including a roster of the alumni, which of course, was unwarranted and due entirely to my own carelessness.

But I can not say that I was particularly disappointed, for the publication is a credit to the institution and to its student body, to whom I tender my sincere congratulations, and is by far the most pretentious and the most creditable publication of its kind that I have ever seen, and this opinion is shared by everyone who has examined it, and as my old black mammy would say, the doctors and nurses in the hospital carried on a regular "mirration" over it.

It now occupies a conspicuous position on the center table in my office and attracts the attention of everyone who drops in to gabberfest or otherwise pass the time in a social seance.

And notwithstanding the fact that it is not a complete directory, it contains enough to vividly revive my memory of the good old days gone by when the rivalry or rather the emulation between the two societies and the various fraternities then present was responsible for divers and various comical stunts, social and otherwise.

I find the beaming "phiz" of the then "Jim," now Bishop McCoy, who ruthlessly, premeditatedly, and with his prepense and malice aforethought, snatched from me the declamation prize, even when I had thought aforetime that I had it cinched, and that there was nothing left for me to do but to skid out on the rostrum, give to the judges and the audience a stately bow and a winning smile, turn loose my spiel, and walk off with the bacon.

But Jim was some speaker himself, and in addition thereto, nursed an insatiable ambition, so that he was not satisfied or contented with this overwhelming triumph, but persistently, consistently and assiduously made Clarios and K. A.'s of the elect whom I had predestined for Belles L  ttres and A. T. O.'s. I am not in the least surprised at the eminence he has attained in his calling, and doff my hat to him in deferential admiration and sincere congratulations for being an honor to himself, his State, and to his Alma Mater, which is also honored by the publication "The Southron."

Then there is the moon-beam countenance of Brother C. P. Atkinson, with his perennial smile and exuberant and never failing good nature and princely comradeship, who was one of the elect who turned a deaf ear to the siren voice, dulcet wooing, and enticing wiles of Brother Jim, and landed safely in the A. T. O. camp where he properly belonged, and became an honor to it as well as to the University and to Methodism, to all of which he dedicated his life and ennobling example, which are now in full fruition and of which you are no doubt one of the beneficiaries.

And now I come to the classical features of the prim and reserved Dent, and those of the osculatory ship destroyer Hobson. Dent was there during my time, but Hobson graduated the session before I arrived upon the scene, though I afterwards met him while I was living in Washington.

I also find upon your roll of honor of those who have particularly bestirred themselves for the welfare of their Alma Mater, the names of Knight, Trawick, Peterson and Christenberry, all of whom I have the privilege of claiming as true friends, and it was quite a shock to me to learn for the first time that my good, loyal, wholesouled and energetic friend Christenberry, had gone to his final reward; the State as well as the University has lost a good, loyal and valuable son.

I have seen very few of the old boys since I left college, and am afraid that there are many whom I shall never see again in this life, for twenty-seven years is a very long time, and the old Reaper is never idle.

While on my way to Washington in 1890 I stopped off at Birmingham to visit my brother and met my dear old tenacious friend and fellow student, J. S. Robertson, who still insisted that I would eventually enter the ministry; an idea which possessed him and clung to him during our entire time in college, but so far it has never materialized and there is little hope that it ever will, for it is exceedingly hard if not impossible to train an old goat, or teach an old dog new tricks.

While in Washington (1890-1905) where I graduated in law from the National University Law School in 1894, I had the pleasure of a visit from Hugh Long, Lee Bradley, Dr. J. R. Goodloe, and my brother, W. R. Porter, and also called upon Prof. Grote while he was in Dr. Hammond's sanitarium, and feared then that I would never see him again; a better man never lived.

In 1908 while journeying to Uniontown, Alabama, to visit another brother, I stopped off at Anniston to see my dear old pal and friend, E. W. Ledbetter, and while at Uniontown, met that staunch, God-fearing and man-loving old wheel horse, J. W. Roberts, fully occupied with an interesting family and congregation, and also Dr. Sid Whitfield who had also taken unto himself a charming wife.

These are all of the old boys that it has been my privilege to see since the good old days at the University, and I am afraid that the chances of ever seeing others are very slim.

I notice by the August Bulletin that my dear old reliable, wide-a-wake friend, Charlie Rush, has been elected your President, and congratulate him, the University and the student body for a better man could not have been found anywhere, and his announcement is a fair index of what you, the University and the State at large may expect of his administration. God uphold him.

And now as to myself, though personally a stranger to you: When I left the Government service and entered private practice in February, 1911, my shingle had kissed the breezes but four days before my first case came, which paid me a fee somewhat in excess of my annual salary as a public official which placed me at once on easy street, and business poured in upon me to an extent beyond my most sanguine hope or expectation, until December of the same year when I suffered a stroke of paralysis which totally incapacitated me until the following February, and left me so disabled physically that I could not attend to my business on hand or take any new business for many months.

In the meantime I shall have to begin at the beginning again, with increased age and practically without funds for current ordinary expenses, but if the good Lord will only give me back my strength so that I can remain at my desk, and dame fortune will condescend to smile upon me as in the past, I shall soon be on my feet again, physically and financially, for I have never yet had a dissatisfied client.

And now my unknown friend, I feel that I am due you an apology for thus using you, without your consent, as a medium through which to reach the dear old friends of my early manhood; for imposing upon you many matters which are possibly of no interest to you, and especially for the length of this communication, but I beg you to remember that reviving the pleasant memories of an old man is about equivalent to starting a graphophone or an eight day clock, for they are all hard to stop after you once get them a-going, as this epistle fully demonstrates.

Please present me in terms of kind remembrance to all of my old time friends, and especially to the Grote and Chadwick families, and be assured that my prayers shall ever

be for you, for them, and for the University, and for every one now connected, or hereafter to be connected therewith.

And finally for the most important item, please find enclosed herewith a money order for \$3.00 to pay for the copy of "The Southron," and kindly excuse the delay.

Very sincerely yours,

FELIX E. PORTER,

(P. O. Box 29, Ancon, Canal Zone)

(B. P. of '87.)

REV. J. B. TATE, THOMASVILLE, ALA.

Born in Clark County, Miss., May 17, 1864. Reared in Choctaw County, Ala. Entered S. U. September, 1885. Graduated with B.P. degree June, 1888. Joined the Alabama Conference, December, 1888.

He writes: "I had one son to graduate with A.B. degree last year (1914), have another in the Senior Class this year. My oldest daughter is also a co-ed this year. I hope to educate my three younger sons in the same old college. S. U. did more for me than all else except my mother."

Sincerely yours,

J. B. TATE.



HAIL TO THE BOYS OF THE OLD S. U!

(GLEE CLUB SONG OF 1914-15.)

Hail to the boys of the old S. U!
The boys of the dear old days,
Faithful and loyal and ever true,
They rally to sing her praise,
Striving hard in the battle of life,
Trying to be and to do,
They are the men who have led the strife,
The boys of the old S. U.

Chorus.

For loyally fought they her battles,
And loyally won them too,
Willing are they, leading the way,
The boys of the old S. U.

So through the years will their mem'ry inspire
The boys who may come and go,
Filling each heart with a fond desire
To triumph o'er every foe,
Standing firm on the side of the right,
Thus our faith they renew,
They are the men who have fought the fight,
The boys of the old S. U.



MAIN BUILDING



SENIOR CLASS

Colors: Red and Grey

Flower: Red Rose

Motto: "Usqu'ad vale quod agis age."

YELL.

Center Rush touch down!
Home Run Strike!
Jam sibi zallicopper,
Hurly burly hike.
Twenty from paw, beefsteak raw,
Seniors, Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS.

C. W. SEGREST	<i>President</i>
ROSALIND RUSH	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. L. KERSH	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
M. M. MATTHEWS	<i>Prophet</i>
MARY BARNETT	<i>Poet</i>
JULIA TUTWILER	<i>Historian</i>

MEMBERS.

C. E. AVINGER	H. L. KERSH
MARY BARNETT	ROSALIND RUSH
MALCOLM JOHNSON	HENRY TATE
M. M. MATHEWS	C. W. SEGREST
TUPPER LIGHTFOOT	E. D. THORPE
JULIA S. TUTWILER	



C. E. AVINGER, A.B.

Montgomery, Ala.

Clariosophic Literary Society.

Ladies' Debater, '12-'13. Clario Anniversary Debater, '12-'13. Sophomore Declaimer, '12-'13. President Junior Class, '13-'14. Secretary Y. M. C. A., '14. Y. M. C. A. Editor of "Southron," '14-'15.

"Blessings on him who first invented sleep."

Piety first, last and always. He has won enviable (?) notoriety as a lover of Latin.

MALCOLM JOHNSON, A.M.

Greensboro, Ala.

Belles Lettres Literary Society.

Secretary and Treasurer of the Freshman Class, '10-'11. Musician of his Class, '12-'13, '13-'14. Pianist of the Glee Club, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15. Assistant Art Editor of the "Southron," '13-'14.

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a monocle, and tickled with a straw."

If music could move the world, he would place the earth on top of Jupiter before the rising of tomorrow's sun. He will be sadly missed by the Glee Club next year.





H. L. KERSH, B.S., A T Ω .

Hartford, Ala.

Belles Lettres Literary Society.

Ladies' Debater, '12-'13. Sophomore Declaimer, '13-'14. Belles Lettres Anniversary Debater, '14-'15. Base Ball Team, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15. Track Team, '13-'14, '14-'15. Basket Ball and Captain of Senior Team, '14-'15. Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class, '14-'15.

"Who are the men that bear the Athletic insignia?"

"Ich Bin" will be among the first to be recognized. He is a great athlete, but a likeable, good-natured cuss.

TUPPER LIGHTFOOT, A.B., A T Ω

Brundidge, Ala.

Clariosophic Literary Society.

Ladies' Debater, '11-'12. Sophomore Declaimer, '12-'13. Junior Orator, '13-'14. Secretary Athletic Association, '13-'14. Clario Anniversary Debater, '13-'14, '14-'15. Society Speaker, '14-'15. Glee Club, '14-'15.

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt my love."

"Tup" has a great many distinguishing characteristics, one of the most prominent being his nose. He holds all sorts of positions including that of the "Ugliest Man at S. U." But he has a heart in him as big as a cantaloupe.





M. M. MATHEWS, A.B., A T Ω

Jackson, Ala.

Clariosophic Literary Society.

Ladies' Debater, '11-'12. Sophomore Declaimer, '11-'12. Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '12. Challenge Debater, '12-'13, '13-'14. Won "Comer English Scholarship," '12-'13, '13-'14. President Y. M. C. A., '13. Track Team, '13-'14. Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '14. U. D. C. Orator, '14-'15. Fitting School Editor, "Southron," '14-'15. Prophet Senior Class, '14-'15. Valedictorian of Class, '15.

"A town that boasts of inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society."

"Mit" is noted for his command of scathing, sarcastic English, especially in debate is he a dreaded opponent. He likes to think the thoughts of great men, (after they have been explained to him.)

C. W. SEGREST, A.B., A T Ω

Blountstown, Fla.

Belles Lettres Literary Society.

Ladies' Debater, '12-'13. Secretary and Treasurer of Junior Class, '13-'14. Junior Editor "Southron," '13-'14. Junior Orator, '13-'14. Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '14. Won half "Comer English Scholarship," '13-'14. President Senior Class, '14-'15. President and Manager Dramatic Club, '14-'15. Business Manager "Southron," '14-'15. Salutatorian of Class, '15.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

"Nick" is noted for his wholesale devouring of text-books, on whatever subject they may be. Has high athletic aspirations which have never been realized. Attempted to be a great "Ladies' Man" in his Senior year.





H. L. TATE, A.B.

Greensboro, Ala.

Belles Lettres Literary Society.

Ladies' Debater, '10-'11. Joint Debafer, '12-'13.
Secretary of his Class, '13. Foot Ball, '09-'10.

"For every man, God created a woman."

"Wonder who mine will be?" Never too late to learn, is Henry's motto. He is as handy as a "pocket in a shirt" around the gym. and Athletic fields. He knows the History of S. U., from the beginning.

E. D. THORPE, A.B., and A.M., K.A.

DeFuniak Springs, Fla.

Belles Lettres Literary Society.

Ladies' Debater, '11-'12. Sophomore Declaimer.
'11-'12. Secretary Y. M. C. A., '12. Treasurer
Athletic Association, '13-'14. Vice President
Athletic Association, '12-'13. Society Editor
"Southron," '13-'14. Glee Club, '13-'14. '14-'15.
President Athletic Association, '14-'15. Dramatic
Club, '14-'15. Manager Base Ball, '14-'15. Treas-
urer Glee Club, '14-'15.

"I trust my dignity to hide my faults."

"Gene's" business capacity marks him as a man worthy of consideration. Has a fond affection (?) for all branches of mathematics.





MARY BARNETT, A.B., A Δ Π
(Randolph-Macon.)

Opelika, Ala.

Dramatic Club, '14-'15. Poet Senior Class,
'14-'15.

"Oh Mary, dear," the fond one cried,
"Why do I love you so?"
Then Mary hung her head and sighed,
"I'm sure I do not know."

Her knowledge of books is a source of delightful wonder to the professors. Very loyal to Randolph-Macon. She sees the bright and sunny side of everything, even French recitations.

ROSALIND RUSH, A.B., A Δ Π
(Woman's College.)

Greensboro, Ala.

Co-ed Editor "Southron," '14-'15. Dramatic Club, '14-'15. Vice-President Senior Class, '14-'15. Co-ed Basket Ball Team, '14-'15.

"The neatest, the sweetest, the trimmest little maiden."

She emphatically declares that she will never marry a preacher, which goes to prove that there are some disadvantages to the ministry after all.





JULIA S. TUTWILER, A.B.

Greensboro, Ala.

Vice-President Sophomore Class, '12-'13. Manager Co-ed Basket Ball Team, '13-'14. Poet Junior Class, '13-'14. Vice-President Junior Class, '13-'14. Co-ed Editor "Southron," '13-'14. Dramatic Club, '14-'15. Historian Senior Class, '14-'15.

"A lively, good-humored disposition
And an excellent heart."

Very loyal to the Senior Class, entering heartily into all its enterprises. Very anxious to teach some day, and lucky will be the pupils who are her care. Thinks Woman Suffrage is a desirable thing.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

Our college days are drawing to a close.

Soon must we bid these classic halls farewell,
And launch our buoyant bark upon life's sea,

To breast the waves at low tide as at swell.

Yet as we ardent yearn the final day,

A tinge of sadness in our hearts doth well.

Fond memory brings thoughts of things gone by,

We view again our chequered college day,

And strive to climb the hill of knowledge high,

Where oft our erring feet have gone astray;

Anon along this rugged mountain side,

Stand pleasures bright, like flowers by the way.

The many friends formed in these happy days,

By fond association, did inspire

Our hearts with strength and hope our tasks to meet.

True teachers did our young ambitions fire,

As ever upward they our footsteps led,

And for true wisdom, formed in us desire.

Now pausing on the threshold of life's tasks,

We catch a broader vision of a world

With problems deeper than we yet have solved.

There ever may we, bearing high, unfurled,

Thy spotless banner, Alma Mater dear,

Bring truth and comfort to a weary world.

—*Poet.*

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY



DOWN in Clark County, eight miles from the Southern Railroad and five miles from the Tombigbee swamp, the class of 1915 had its origin—just when, it is impossible to say, for no one knows but Mitford Mathews and he refuses to tell.

As I was saying, our worthy Valedictorian was born in Clark County. There, at an early age, he gained much fame as a rail splitter and fodder puller. Later, becoming dissatisfied with local conditions, as Mr. Mathews himself has expressly phrased it, he “combed the cockleburs from his hair, borrowed a hat and a pair of shoes, and came to Greensboro.”

Had it not been for the faculty, Mr. Mathews would have left the ranks a year ago, but they, perceiving his wonderful ability, appointed him an assistant in the Fitting School. There, extra hours necessitated the delay of his graduation by a year.

Southern Alabama has produced another of our illustrious members, C. W. Segrest, who was originally from Dale County. His early life was spent in Methodist parsonages all the way from Salem to Cottonwood. Poultry raising, gardening, and cotton picking absorbed his youthful energies. At that time his greatest pleasure in life was to attend the fa-so-la “all day singin’s.” Perhaps this accounts for the present wonderful developments of his musical talents.

When Charlie was a little boy everybody said he would be President some day, and they were right. He is the Chief Executive of the Senior Class, and also our Salutatorian.

The Class of 1914 was an extraordinary class, there is no denying it. Those who were its members consider it a great privilege to have been such, but Malcolm Johnson had the foresight to perceive the greater glories that awaited the Class of 1915, and that is why he is back as a “post.”

Malcolm's elementary education was acquired at the Public School in Greensboro, Ala., where he was always a model little boy. Your humble historian recalls a time when he embroidered doll dresses that made his feminine playmates “green” with envy.

To hear Mr. Tate's account of his early life, you would think he was “The Wandering Jew,” but he is merely another representative from a Methodist parsonage.

Prior to his entrance in the Southern University he attended the Moore Academy at Pine Apple and the Agricultural School at Evergreen. He is now completing his theological course.

We have been unusually fortunate this year in receiving two additional members, Misses Rush and Barnett.

Rosalind Rush attended Sullins College during the session of 1909-10. The two following years were spent at the Woman's College, where she was active in Y. W. C. A. work. She has won renown in Greensboro circles as a Basket Ball player and a member of the Dramatic Club.

Mary Barnett comes to us from Opelika. In 1910 she graduated from the Opelika High School. Last year she was a member of the Junior Class at Randolph-Macon Woman's College. We feel highly honored that Miss Barnett consented to leave friendships of three years' duration to come to us. She is a prominent member of the Dramatic Club.

C. E. Avinger is a graduate of the Sidney Lanier High School, Montgomery, Ala., of the Class of '12. He was orator for his class. Upon the recommendation of his principal he was awarded a scholarship to Tulane, which he refused in order to accept one offered by the Southern University. He has never had cause to regret the decision. He is planning to take up some line of Christian work. Mr. Avinger is a very conscientious student. Though you would never suspect it, he has a remarkably developed sense of humor.

Tupper Lightfoot was born in Brundidge, Ala., December 16, 1894. He is a graduate of the Brundidge High School. In 1911 he came to the Southern University where he became a charter member of the Class of 1915. He is one of the faithful few who have

entered by the straight and narrow way of the Freshman Class. His most charming characteristic is his habit of saying "frusser" for professor.

In a very refreshing dissertation upon the home of his early childhood, Mr. Kersh declared that he passed through the little village in later years and was unable to see it. Be that as it may, he was born in Brewerville, Ala., in 1892. His early education was acquired in various grammar schools of Southern Alabama. Later he attended Barton Academy in Mobile. He is completing the four year course in three years.

Eugene D. Thorpe was born in McIntosh County, Ga., October 15, 1894. He attended the Walton County High School and Palmer College and Academy, DeFuniak Springs, Fla. In 1911 he entered the Southern University.

Whenever a stranger comes among us and asks, "Where are the Seniors?" we invariably point out Mr. Thorpe first. We are very proud of him. He upholds the dignity of our class in a manner none of us have yet been able to emulate.

A SENIOR'S CHARACTERIZATION OF THE FACULTY ACCORDING TO SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

Dr. Bonner: "As You Like It."

Prof. Chapman: "Measure for Measure."

Prof. Lewis: "Much Ado About Nothing."

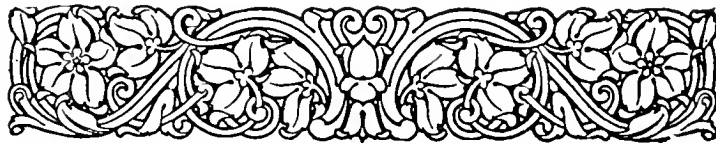
Prof. Key: "Love's Labour Lost."

Dr. Atkinson: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Nightmare.)

Prof. Steinbrenner: "Comedy of Errors."

Dr. Rush: "The Tempest."

Prof. Godbey: "All's Well That Ends Well." (Especially Glee Club trips.)



SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY



FROM early morn till dewy midnight, I, the Prophet, had busied myself with thinking the thoughts of great men, with filling my mind with the treasured lore of the ancients. But at last a dull stupor overcame me and while in this state of semi-consciousness there was revealed to me, as in a dream, the future of myself and my well beloved classmates.

Ten years had passed as a buzzard flies, silently, slowly, lugubriously. I saw myself a 1925 model tramp with all the season's latest attachments. It was a warm day in mid-summer and down a dusty turnpike in the good old State of Kentucky, I was wending my solitary way. Suddenly turning a bend in the road, I came face to face with a most sorrowful procession—a funeral expedition I knew at a glance. Remembering from my old life what was appropriate on such occasions, I side-tracked, climbed to the top of a ten rail fence that skirted the road and sat down on the top rail with my hat in my right hand hip pocket. To one of the members of the procession who seemed to be better able than any of the others to converse with a man of education, though of somewhat limited means, I spoke.

"Friend, whose mortal remains do you thus carry to the final constabulatory of all men?"

With a voice that was bathed in the sweet liquor of Kentucky tobacco he answered me:

"We have here all that remains of C. W. Segrest."

The shock of this news caused me to lose my balance and fall backward off the fence, but I soon regained my vantage point and in a voice that was almost a whisper I asked:

"Tell me, will you, Friend of mine, the cause and manner of his untimely demise?"

The man of the old time "dark and bloody hunting grounds" took deliberate aim and drenched a lizard, that had crept up to watch the procession go by, with something like a pint of tobacco juice, and then made me an answer.

"He was a bill collector in our town. Day after day and night after night he hastened much after the where-with-all. At this work he injured his health, he sickened, he died. Today we bury him."

With the brim of my hat I wiped away a tear and spoke to the mighty user of the weed.

"In other days, friend, this man whom you would now honor was my constant and tried companion. We walked together, talked of all that was in our hearts like brothers, studied together and together we planned our glorious futures. For the memory of old days I humbly entreat that I may be allowed a parting glimpse of my old classmate."

The caravan stopped. In a moment I stood beside the coffin of my former comrade at S. U. Bending over his still form I spoke in a voice that I meant to be soft and low with all of its old time melody in it:

"Segrest, old man, I've been looking for you everywhere to pay you that twenty-five cents I borrowed to carry Miss C—— to the picture show when you and I were Freshmen at dear old S. U."

In one moment, in the twinkling of a hungry eagle's eye, the hero of the cavalcade was in a sitting posture, his hand outstretched and his voice as in days of old was rasping out:

"I'm a mighty glad man to see this quarter, old boy. I knew you would pay it the very first time you got able. I need some money. There is a note due at the bank to-

morrow" And he clambered out of the wagon and was on the ground, his old self once more. As soon as he was on terra firma he shook my hand with the old time warmth while the surprised and disappointed burial procession slowly took its way homeward. My friend and I sat us down in the shade of a persimmon tree and talked.

"Tell me," said I, "how goes it with our old classmates—with Avinger and Lightfoot and Kersh and all the rest of them?"

"Why Mit, I have been keeping right up with every one of them. I write them all once a week. You know they all owed me small amounts when we graduated and I keep reminding them of their obligation to me. None of them have paid up yet, but I keep hammering at them.

"Avinger is back in America now. You know he went to South Africa as a Missionary, but one day while he was preaching far in the interior, some hungry cannibals made a dash at him and he broke for the seashore. He outran them all right enough, but when he got to the ocean he was not exactly comfortable so he hopped in and swam back over here. He is teaching school at Rosemary, Ala., now.

"Lightfoot is in New York. He married a girl who was more than a match for him in every respect and they did not, or at least Lightfoot did not, get along together very well. Many a time I have seen her dragging him around the back yard by his nose—you remember what a big nose he used to have. I always will believe she kept him from paying me that \$2.00 he borrowed from me twelve years ago last Christmas. Tup finally gave her the slip and left for New York City. He is a member of the Salvation Army there, but I don't know what he does to make a living. I have not heard from him in a week or two.

"Kersh got into politics and was elected a road overseer and from that to a justice of the peace. He married a couple of folks when he was a J. of P. and it afterwards developed that they did not have any license so Kersh got into some embarrassment, but it did not cost him much. He kept at office seeking until he was elected to the Legislature. He made himself a State-wide reputation among college men for securing the passage of a bill that made it unlawful for the keepers of college ranches to inaugurate courts and punish students for taking more than three batter cakes at a time. I had a letter from him yesterday but he did not mention that four bits he owes me.

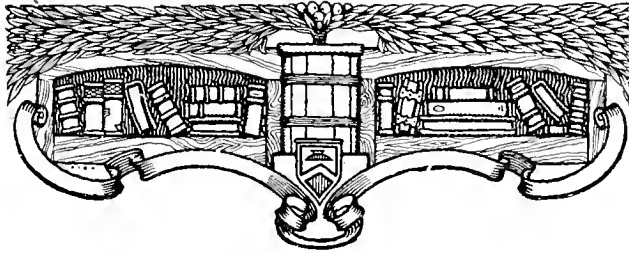
"Thorpe became a famous chemist. He prepared an ointment for the face which makes old men and women appear young. Nothing as good as it had ever been invented. College widows use immense quantities of it. He is a very rich man now but never has paid me back that four bits he borrowed to go to the ball game between S. U. and Marion.

"Henry Tate got married—" (I gasped with astonishment.)—"Yes, I know it does not seem possible, but he did. You remember how he was always plotting and planning matrimony during his eight years at S. U. He and his wife seem to get on very well, but his mother-in-law made life very cheerless for him. He always retaliated by preaching sermons that bore mainly on the punishments reserved for the wicked. One day his mother-in-law got in a fit of rage at him and burst a blood vessel. After her death the ministry had no allurements for Tate—he had no one to preach at, so he quit the conference and is now a butcher boy on the train that still runs,—no, meanders—from Akron to Selma."

"What became of our co-eds? Even after all these long, weary years, I think I can see them every one—their rosy cheeks, teeth like pearl and lips like cherries in May. Those girls! Those bright eyed girls! Their voices were as sweet as the spring zephyrs that used to come to us from over the hills laden with the secrets of the newly born violets. Where have they gone? Can you tell me nought of them?"

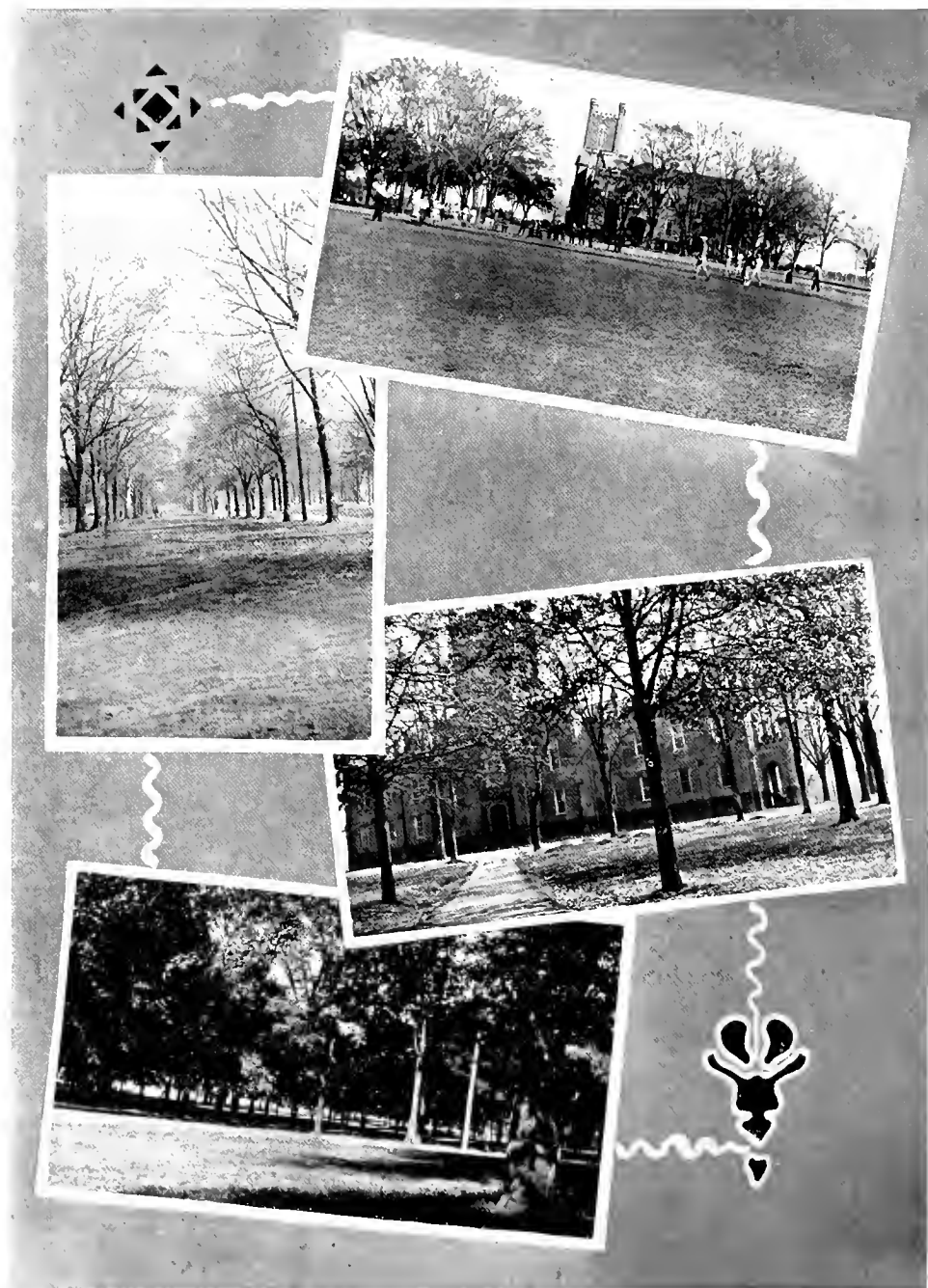
"Yes. Miss Tutwiler is teaching political science in a college out West. Miss Rush married a young circuit rider and the last conference appointed her husband to the Wedgeworth circuit. Miss Barnett became a zealous speaker for woman suffrage. She is touring Florida now in behalf of votes for women."

"Well, Segrest," said I, "the co-eds have fared better than we did, but that was always their luck in college. I wish"— Here I became dimly conscious of the rasping sound of a crosscut saw. It gradually grew louder. Evidently some one was cutting through a knot. Where could it be! I awoke with a start. My room was dark and the dead silence of night prevailed over Hamilton Hall, except from the room, there issued the loud snores which had so rudely aroused me from my vision. Seizing my water pitcher from the stand I tiptoed to the transom and dashed the contents through. There was a splash, a gurgle, and the sawing abruptly ceased. Then as quiet reigned once more, I heard the far-away, muffled sound of the town clock as it struck the lonely hour of midnight. I was cold, I was sleepy, so I crept beneath the warm blankets of my bed to lie and ponder over the strange future of my class-mates, as revealed in my dream.





Well, what do you think of that? I've just finished editing the material for this year's "Southron," and here comes that bunch of obstreperous Seniors, headed by that conceited fellow, Kick Seagriffs, and demands that their photos be taken in caps and gowns and inserted in the annual. Even Tooper Heavyfoot thinks his beauty will appear to a better advantage in such dignified attire, and Lean-arm Kuss talks mighty big about the "privileges of us Seniors." Guess they think they own this college, but they don't. Jim Bright has more to do with it than they and yet they've got the nerve to ask for such a thing as that when their countenances have already nearly marred my book. No, I won't do it. I'll show them a thing or two. Get out of here! Don't bother me with caps and gowns, derbies and pajamas or any— Ouch! Gee, if it wasn't for that co-ed with that hat pin! Yes, I'll put you all in. Please don't stick me with that awful thing again. Good-bye, no, yes, I won't forget! Bang— thank heavens they've gone. I wish I dared, but I don't. Ugh! Must have stuck two inches. Well, here goes, just any old way. I don't care if I do mix them up, so there they are, above!



CAMPUS SCENES

JUNIORS.



JUNIOR CLASS

Colors: Crimson and White

Flower: Nasturtium

Motto: "Not failure but low aim is crime."

OFFICERS.

A. E. BARNETT, JR.	President
E. H. McGEHEE	Vice-President
WAYNE GILDER	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS.

A. E. BARNETT, JR.
WAYNE GILDER
W. M. HINTON
F. B. JOYNER
W. E. LITTLE
E. H. McGEHEE
LAMAR PERRY
DAYTON ROBINSON
H. I. SAVAGE
EVELYN LAWSON
E. T. CALHOUN
T. B. LOCKE

Surrounding the life of the Junior are certain characteristic conditions which mark him off very definitely from the three other classes. In a greater degree than any of these he enjoys prestige, and popularity although burdened with responsibility. In his Freshman year he found himself new to his environment, afraid of doing something fresh, and his time was spent in becoming accustomed to the new surroundings. As a Sophomore he was relieved of this, but betrayed a consciousness of having been so relieved. The Junior enjoys the dignity of an upper classman without suffering the anxiety of the Senior. He no longer takes twenty-one hours. He has learned one thing of great importance in making a recitation,—what hobbies he must ride on every occasion, and that is a great aid in preparing for his coming graduation.

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen rejoices that it will remain another year to share the friendships, the associations, and benefits of the grand old University. These years have been the happiest of our lives; each day deepens our affection for our Alma Mater. May the drama of our college days fit us in some measure for that greater life beyond the shadow of these walls. Let us hope that when we have passed our last exams. '16 will turn its face to the world with a determination to fight life's battles to the close, ever holding a tender and loving memory of old S. U.



W.L. PERRY



T.B. LOCKE



W.E. LITTLE



W.M. HINTON



A.E. BARNETT, JR.



EVELYN LAWSON



WAYNE GILDER



H.I. SAVAGE



E.T. CALHOUN



F.B. JOYNER



E.H. M^C GEE



DAYTON ROBINSON

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH US?



It is said that there is a use for everything, and a place prepared for every one, but on looking over the Junior Class roll, it appears that mother earth would have to be very ingenious to find places for those specimens of humanity, whose cognomens are enscribed thereon. Naturally the question arises what will they do with us? It is clear that no man in his natural state can solve such a problem, which is even a puzzle to our learned faculty. An inspiration is necessary, and in search of that rare article, I wandered despondent by deserted paths to the lonely "Stokes Graveyard," where "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," I might ponder on this question.

In a pensive mood I sat down on what seemed to be a perfectly sound slab of marble, when lo and behold, it suddenly crumbled beneath me and down, down, through the moulding grave I went. All at once my head struck something with a resounding whack, and my long fall was at an end. I found myself sitting in a gloomy underground grotto, which was very hot and close, when just before me there opened a door, through which issued a billow of smoke, and Old Nick, (not Nick Segrest) invited me in to Hades. His face was very baggard and worn. He seemed ready to fall with weariness, and he sighed mournfully as I entered.

"Shut that door," he commanded one of his assistants, and the ponderous thing swung to its place, only to catch the devil's tail as it shut. He howled and jumped with pain, while the door-keeper, whom I recognized as Fred Joyner, danced and laughed with glee. Not wishing to see even the Prince of Darkness in so much torture I opened the door and got his tail out, for which he was very grateful. Fred Joyner had fled and was hiding somewhere.

"You see," said the devil, with a lired look, "I have several of the Junior Class of S. U. of 1915, down here, and they nearly run me crazy. This is Hades, indeed since they came. I'm half dead with worry. If you would like to look around, I'll show ou about."

I was very willing, and although the place was exceedingly hot, it was not unbearable. The devil informed me that some of the S. U. boys had been putting out his fires, which accounted for the coolness. We proceeded to the Brimstone Hotel, and behind the counter where all the new comers registered, was my old classmate, Martin Hinton. He was perspiring most freely and mopping his face with a red handkerchief, as he watched a little dried-up imp sweeping the floor. He had drawn hideous cartoons of the devil which had angered him exceedingly, but because of his large size, he had remained unpunished.

Here I noticed that the little fellow sweeping the floor, was twirling his broom in such a manner as to send clouds of dust into Old Nick's face. He winked slyly at me and grinned. It was indeed Bill Little. But before I could speak the devil was seized with a violent fit of sneezing, and seeing from whence came the dust, he grabbed a red-hot poker and jumped for poor Bill. But Bill was ready, and with one of those hook slides, that made him famous on the S. U. base ball diamond, he dived beneath Old Nick's arm, hitting him such a crack on the nose with the broom that he dropped the glowing poker on his foot, which made him roar with pain. Hinton behind the counter, laughed heartily, whereupon the devil called loudly for a rag to tie up his smartling foot.

Then down the corridor, in a very humble manner, came my old friend Happy Robinson, with a wad of absorbent cotton and a bandage.

"What have you got on that cotton?" thundered the evil one, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Only some soothing oil," answered Happy, but I knew by the odor that it was turpentine. However, the devil's nose was so swollen that he could not smell. With one deft pull, Happy bound the turpentine soaked cotton to the blistered foot and darted through the door, and not a moment too soon, for Old Nick, maddened by the stinging pain, plunged after him. It was a most exciting chase. Happy's long legs were proving their worth,

but his pursuer was gaining. When I thought that the devil would surely catch him, two men rose up from behind a scorched bush by the road-side, and thrust a long pole between his legs, and Old Nick tumbled headlong in the dust. The two boys were none other than McGehee and Barnett, and they immediately scudded out of sight, in the direction of a smoke-obscured section of the city. Quite a crowd of the inmates of Hades gathered around the devil as he picked himself up. He was almost disabled. One of his horns was broken, and there was a large skinned place on his elbow. He had fallen on his pitch-fork and smashed it. Then out of the crowd came a derisive laugh and the mocking sound of the last words of an old Glee Club song:

"Wake-up, shake-up, turn on the light,
Let's see the devil and the pole cat fight."

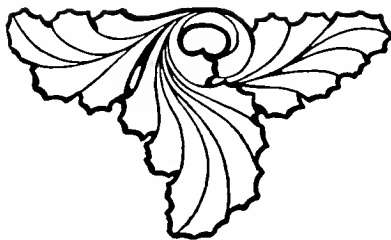
Of course it was Wayne Gilder, and the crowd laughed with delight as the taunting sound assailed old satan's ears, who nearly choked with rage. Suddenly he seized poor Wayne before he could escape, and drawing a long knife, shouted:

"I'll cut out that 'sassy' tongue of yours."

But Wayne squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice in the devil's eyes, who, blinked and surprised, turned him alose. Wayne made good his escape, but Old Nick could not find his way, and called for a stretcher. In answer to his summons, Dick Perry and Irby Savage ran up, bearing between them a comfortable litter. Satan settled himself feebly upon it and said: "Take me home, I'm nearly dead," and Savage and Perry with nods and winks moved slowly away.

Now there was not far away a bridge, which spanned a stream of hot water, and no sooner had these old classmates of mine reached the center than they dumped the devil, stretcher and all unceremoniously into the flood beneath. He struck with a sizzling splash, and scrambled ashore as fast as he could. But Savage and Perry had disappeared, but hearing me laugh, he began to grope towards me.

I was on the point of fleeing when I awoke. I was still in the old grave-yard by myself and the sun was almost down. Needless to say I lost no time in coming back to town. But was my question answered? It is for you, dear reader, to say.





COLLEGE AND GYMNASIUM FROM THE WEST



W.T. ALISON

W.T. DEAL

D.W. GODFREY

W.E. CALHOUN

J.W. SLEDGE

R.H. ALLGOOD

BEULAH CALHOUN

W.W. PIPPIN JR.

H.G. DOUGLAS

T.J. ANDERSON JR.

H.C. PORTER

J.B. BENSON

W.H. ROBERTSON

WE "SOPHS"



HE truth is what hurts," and so, Sophomore, if you feel any pain at this you will know the reason why.

"Ladies first" is our motto and we herewith introduce the only lady member of our class, Miss Beulah Calhoun. She has already made quite a name on the basket ball court and we are sure that she will attain yet greater honors there. Her life work is to be a leader of the Suffragettes if the present outlook counts for anything.

Next in order will of course, be our President. He was voted to be the best looking boy in college, but it is said that the result would have been different if the co-eds could have had their way. His nickname is "peanut" but we do not know where it originated.

"Shorty" Benson, as his name signifies, has nothing to spare in stature. He says he needs his "six feet three" for himself. He is known as the official bureau of information in regard to Glee Club trips.

"Red" McCurdy, according to Professor Steinbrenner, is of a very delicate constitution. He hails from Flomaton, a bustling town of South Alabama, where the Glee Club buys its sandwiches, but his town was thriving before "Red" went there. His hobby is wrestling with Allgood.

W. H. Robertson, otherwise known as "Frog," is the Math. "shark" of our class. He eats 'em alive without salt or pepper. The gym. team needs his services badly and expectantly awaits his return.

"Reverend" Deal is a great ladies' man. He, together with his famous poetry, has smashed many a heart. His pompadour was for a while the marvel of the college, but for some unknown reason it has disappeared.

"Doc" Pippin is renowned for his oratory. Do not be deceived by his solemn and profound appearance for "Doc" is not such. He wishes everyone to know that he is a Sophomore and not a "rat" as some people think.

Hunt's heart is still in the possession of a certain young lady of this town and it seems to be impossible for him to regain it. He has a peculiar aversion to the drug stores of Marion. Ask him about it.

Sledge is known by the peculiar nicknames, "Scissors" and "Snoodles." We do not know where he received these, but we are sure he got them honestly. His hobbies are studying history and going with the girls, but he also finds time for tennis and base ball.

"Maude" Allgood received the majority of votes for being the greatest eater, but this was an injustice to him for we happen to know that he frequently fails to appear at breakfast. He is very much alarmed at his sudden decrease in weight and would like to find something that is fattening. He is noted for being especially hard on "Rats." He likes all his studies but his favorite is German.

"Ball" Calhoun is noted for his arguments in defense of Germany's stand in the present war. He will convince one that he is right or keep on arguing. "You can't keep a good man down."

"Baldy" Douglas is not, as you might think, our oldest member. His baldness is due to the fact that hair and brains are not good mixers. His chief delight is to engage in learned discussions with the Professor of Mathematics about questions dealing with that subject.

Since he is a man of quiet mien we have not been able to gather any extraordinary facts about Mr. Porter, but we suppose that he is all right and trust that he will gain much good through contact with his fellow classmen.

With such a bunch as ours we cannot fail and we are confident that we will be in the front rank of everything in the years to come.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY



THE first week of school last year, a scared drove of "rats" made their appearance in Greensboro. Many and horrible were the tales we had heard of the blood-thirsty disposition of the "old" men. It was therefore with a feeling of awe that we approached a "cat" on the street, and we heaved a great sigh of relief if we managed to safely pass him. Still more gruelling was the task of facing the stern Registrar and "spieling forth" our credits, and proud and lucky did we count ourselves if we squeezed through with only twelve and a half units and were told to make the other up privately or at the "prep"—but prouder and luckier still were we if we held the required fourteen and were then permitted to nervously scribble our cognomens on the old register where many great men like ourselves had signed their names before.

In that year we were eminently successful in all college activities. We had a good per cent of our men on both honor rolls, and the rest did, as an average, good work. In athletics we surpassed any other class of the year.

Our class contained the Varsity tennis team, Sledge and Anderson. In basket ball we had one regular, Sledge, and a substitute Varsity man, Spruell. The base ball claimed three Freshmen of 1913-14 for their own besides a "sub." And our Ladies Debaters of that year are the standing pride of both societies and bid fair to honor themselves and their societies still more in the future.

This year fifteen of the twenty-five Freshmen of the preceding session returned to continue the splendid work started at that time. And we are doing it, too! A better per cent of Sophomores made honor roll than we did last year. Six of our members, Allgood, Godfrey, Deal, Douglas, McCurdy and Benson made the Glee Club this year, and Allgood was on the quartet. Sledge and Anderson again made the tennis team, so we still hold the championship in that sport and it will not be self-flattery to predict that we will have the tennis team in our Senior Class of 1917. In basket ball we had Sledge, a regular, and Robertson and Benson, "subs."

We expect to have a good per cent of the base ball picked from among our band this year, too. In track meet we intend to "mop up," for who could stand up against our sprinter, "Maude" Allgood? No doubt in all the field day exercises, the Sophomores will be well represented.

Out of all the college, the Y. M. C. A. Nomination Committee turned to the Sophomore Class for a President, and Douglas was elected.

We have briefly sketched the honors that "the Sophs" pulled down in their "rathood" and in their later existence. Now let us consider the outlook for the more mature growth.

There is no doubt that we will continue the honor roll work, and even "Maude" Allgood will get all his books from Prof. Steinbrenner's classes and make the honor roll. Of course we will be well represented on the gridiron next year and the class of '17 will furnish the best material for the foot ball team. The Glee Club wouldn't be able to get along without the help of our various big singers. Also all other athletic teams will look first for their best men from our band. We are confident that our class athletic teams will always be

the victors and come off with the highest honors. We could get so optimistic and prophetic as to say that Joe Sledge would quit arguing for Birmingham's base ball team and change to some other club, but we know the boys would say that we were lying, and that the truth was not in us, and as we are not particularly struck with such a name we won't go that far.

But time and space are not available to set down the various and sundry accomplishments of our glorious band, and with such pleasant thoughts as long assignments in Co-ordinate Geometry, Latin Elegiac Poets, and French in our minds we must hasten this history to a close. Judging from our past, however, and our future outlook, we defy anyone to dispute the fact of our being able to live up to our motto: "From possibility to reality."



YE
GUILELESS



RAT!!!

FRESHMAN CLASS

Colors: Purple and Gold.

Flower: Violet.

Motto: "Vivi ad summum.

YELL.

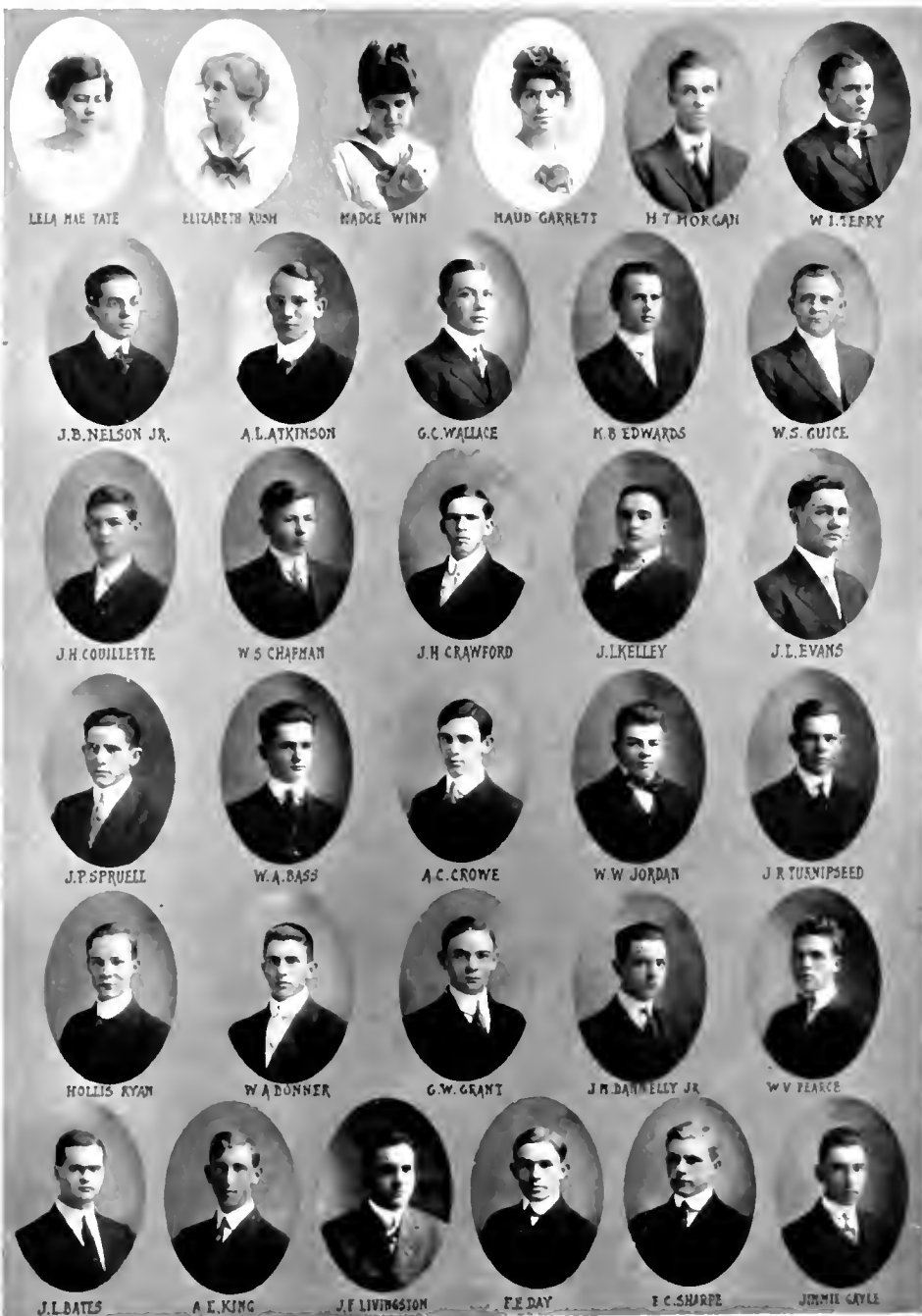
Rickety, Rickety, bum, bum,
We are the class that's going some!
Stand back! Stand back!
Our class is on the track,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Ran!
Freshman Class of "Old S. U."

OFFICERS.

MILTON DANNELLY	President
H. T. MORGAN	Vice-President
ELIZABETH RUSH	Secretary and Treasurer
GEORGE GRANT	Poet
MAUDE GARRETT	Prophet

MEMBERS.

A. L. ATKINSON	
W. A. BONNER	K. B. EDWARDS
WALTER BASS	JAMES GAYLE
J. L. BATES	MAUDE GARRETT
J. H. COUILLETTE	GEORGE GRANT
W. S. CHAPMAN	W. W. JORDAN
A. C. CROWE	J. LAMAR KELLY
MILTON DANNELLY	FRANK LIVINGSTON
F. E. DAY	A. KING
H. T. MORGAN	J. B. NELSON, JR.
GEORGE WALLACE	GOLDMAN PALMER
MADGE WINN	W. V. PIERCE
E. C. SHARPE	HOLLIS RYAN
W. S. GUICE	ELIZABETH RUSH
HOWARD CRAWFORD	WILL TERRY
RUDOLPH TURNIPSEED	



FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

We "Rats" are lowly, humble, and kind,
Some say we're ignorant, green, and blind,
But that is only a hollow jest,
We follow the path pursued by the rest.

With apologies many, to the sly old "Cats"
Who really are nothing but grown up "Rats."
They used to run with all their might,
When the dreaded bed-slats hove in sight.

They have, no doubt, on the hip-pocket felt,
The sting of a long, heavy, leathern belt,
So may-be they won't lay on us the blame
If we jump up and run; they did the same.

We'll follow them through thick and thin,
Perhaps in the end we will live to win,
And strive to obtain both truth and knowledge,
And not be "bone-heads" in the dear old college

FRESHMAN PROPHECY

It may have been due to the lateness of the hour, it may have been due to *oʻvʻeʻr sʻtʻʉdʻyʻ*, but I think it was due to a story told by one of the "profs" about Tarquinius Superbus and a Sibyl and some books—anyway, one night I had no sooner dropped off to sleep than a most terrible looking old lady, worse in appearance than any of the Senior co-eds even seemed to sweep into my room with a don't-care-if-you-don't-like-it air and spoke thusly to me:

"In my hand here you see I hold a scroll. It is written in the oldest language of all this earth. The future of every man and every woman is laid bare in it. Give me \$999,-999,999,999! and I will read it to you."

By the time she had finished her speech I had to a large extent recovered from my first fright at her entrance and so spoke with some calmness:

"Old lady, my bank book is down stairs and the night is chilly as you know. I lack a few cents of having the amount you name with me just now, but my heart fairly aches to know at least the futures of my class-mates. Can you name me a price on such a revelation?"

The old hag croaked:

"I'll give you their past and future for twenty-five cents."

"Leave off their past," said I, "and let it remain forever a sealed book to all the peoples of the earth. Read to me their future and you shall be paid."

Adjusting a large pair of glasses upon her nose, the strange creature smiled a gruesome smile and began:

"It gives me the cold shivers to think of that bunch of Freshmen. This job should bring me half a million dollars, but times are hard and business is dull. Ah, here we are." And she read:

"Arthur Atkinson. (Nick-named Possum). Upon the wings of self-adulation he shall rise to heights of unusual unimportance and finally be gathered to his fathers none the worse for having been a Freshman at S. U.

"Warren Bonner (Big Bonner). Transplanted in early life from the frozen North to the sun-kissed South he shall flourish like unto a persimmon tree, becoming a college director of athletics and love affairs.

"Walter Bass (Fletch). He shall become a vender of chewing gum to his brethren, finally cornering the world's supply of Pepsin gum and amassing thus a fortune.

"Horace Conllette (Called Stiffy). His sweet, winning timidity shall draw down upon his unoffending head the love of a heartless co-ed who shall make him to marry her and to serve her all the days of his life which shall be four score and ten years.

"Will Chapman (Real Name, Pinkie). A man wholly given to music shall he be and at the last he will play Old Dan Tucker with ease.

"Aldrich Crowe (Also favors a buzzard). After marriage to a college widow this ungainly bird shall be changed to a still more ungainly parrot and say the things he is taught to say.

"Milton Dannelly (Only known name). His voice was made to call trains at Marion Junction and this way shall he use it.

"Floyd Day. From the farm he came and to the farm will he return to raise potatoes and boll weevils and to contaminate the air with cuss words as is the manner of farmers.

"Kenneth Edwards. Towering in his pride of face he shall never be pounced upon by a mousing female which fact shall surprise him daily until the last trump bloweth.

"James Gayle (Jimmie). He shall spend all the days of his life in college and revel in Freshman delights all the while.

"George Grant. With rare industry he shall flee day and night from that which most he feareth, ladies, and die a free and happy man.

"Webb Jordan. Even in college a tangled web of love shall he weave about himself and at the end of four score years die and be forgotten on all the earth. His wife will not so much as keep a kodak picture of him.

"Lamar Kelly (Baby of his class). He shall go up and down the world, a walking advertisement for Mellen's Food.

"Adger King. No throne shall he ever ascend but with the aid of his bosom friend and class-mate, Hollis Ryan, he shall reduce the art of loafing to a science and gain much glory to himself by having it placed in college curricula.

"Frank Livingston. Starting in life as a bookkeeper he shall in S. U. learn to become a keeper of hands, which practice shall profit him nothing for she will reject him to marry a millionaire.

"Hernon Morgan. His love for little children which flared out at the fair grounds during his days as a prep will place him at the head of an orphans' home where he shall do much good.

"Broughton Nelson (Called Agnes). Aspiring to become a great physician, he shall become a horse doctor and die untimely at the age of eighty-one from the kick of a mule.

"Goldman Palmer. The tall member of the firm known as Mutt and Jeff having succumbed to the ravages of time, Goldman shall take his place and fill it with ease and honor.

"Weston Pierce. He shall die early from a crushed liver caused by his rejection at the hands of a college queen.

"Elizabeth Rush. Her days shall be long and during all of them she shall be popular, breaking college men's hearts with her smiles and finally breaking her husband's back with a piece of slove wood for his lack of respect to superiors.

"Rudolph Turnipseed. He shall be a banker and do a heavy business, i. e., he shall work on a section gang that operates between Selma and Akron.

"George Wallace. In his life he shall be honored but he shall at last die in a Louisiana molasses vat whither he shall have fled in quest of his favorite beverage.

"Madge Winn. Many men from many lands far and near shall admire her but she shall refuse them all to go out among her brethren and gather in votes for women.

"Lelia Mae Tate. She shall nobly sacrifice her life for college men by running a college ranch and by doing the cooking herself, give her boarders biscuit that can be cracked without recourse to a sledge hammer.

"Emmet Sharpe. He shall ascend in the baseball profession until at last he becomes water boy for the Red Socks.

"Guice. As a minister he shall move mightily upon his flock's patience and purse strings.

"Howard Crawford. He shall set up a private school and near him his class-mate and friend Terry, shall locate an asylum. Both institutions shall flourish forever.

"J. L. Bates (Familiarly known as Worm). He shall transcend all human non-accomplishments in the art of face culture, and at the consummation of the age he shall be found in the quietude of bachelorhood"—the Sibyl seemed to fade away into a more masculine form and my father's voice grated on my ears:

"Get up and hurry! You have an eight o'clock this morning, you know."

—*Prophet.*



RALPH ALLGOOD ON "THE LAST BISCUIT OF SUPPER
AT THE GROTE RANCH TABLE"

'Tis the last biscuit of supper,
Left steaming alone,
All thy crispy companions
Art buttered and gone,
No grits and no gravy,
No batter-cakes nigh,
The plates are all empty,
The glasses all dry.

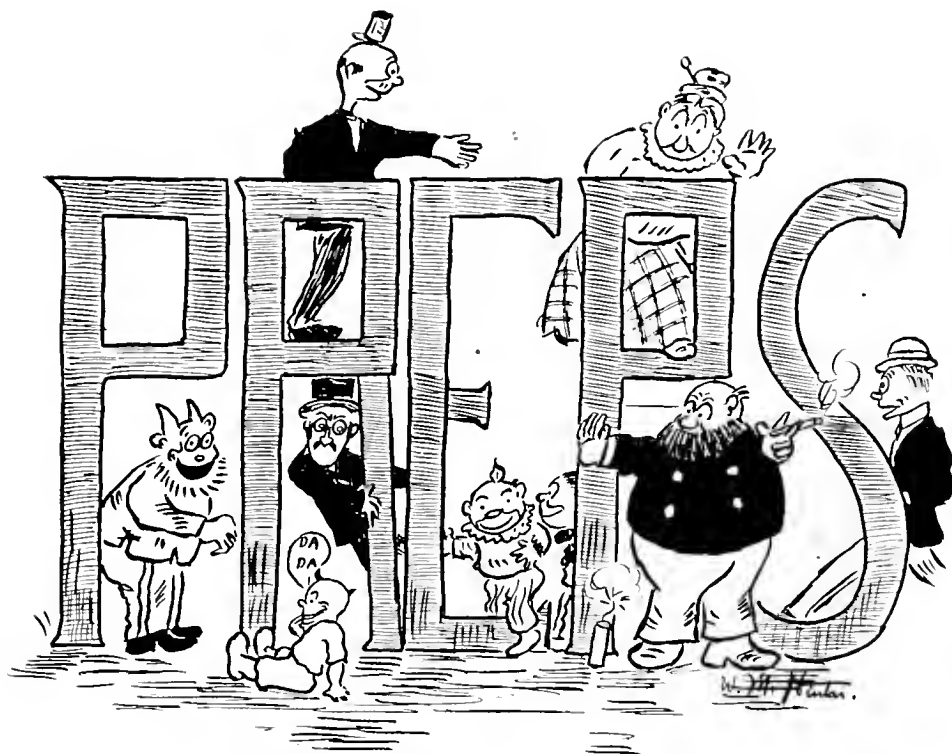
I'll not lave thee, thou lone one,
Oh golden brown gem!
Where the others are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them,
For soon will I seize thee,
And shove in my head,
Where the mates of thy oven
Lie tasteless and dead.

So thus wilt thou follow,
Oh biscuit so brown,
And from daylight to darkness
Drop gently, down, down,
When thou, too, art eaten,
And thy sweet taste has gone,
Oh who will inhabit,
This table alone?



"DOLLAR PITCHERS"

"PREPS"





THE FITTING SCHOOL

FITTING SCHOOL RESUME

Needless to say, it gives us "preps." an increased, if that be possible, sense of our own importance to be allowed to thrust ourselves thus boldly into the book which our neighbors, the high and mighty college men, make. On another page of the Southron a careful peruser will notice that we have been further honored in having our pictures placed where even he who runs may read.

To make a full and complete chronicle of the events of the past year is a task too great for a youth of my tender years. Only a few of the outstanding happenings can be touched upon.

Since the leaves of last summer changed their emerald of the glorious springtime for the jet and gold of autumn, there have been about forty students enrolled in S. U. E. S., exclusive of the college students who come over to make up back work. From the very first we Fitting School students have labored under handicaps many and grievous. In the first place our teachers have been aiding the postal department of this country by sending home weekly reports to our parents. In vain we petitioned against such a practice. We plead that it entailed too much work and worry on the teachers, and in addition to everything else often brought down upon us embarrassment in huge triangular lumps. To no avail whatever. Those in authority "just kept on a keepin' on."

This year we have been debarred from using tobacco on the school grounds. At all hours of the day and night we have been fearful lest we be put to the agonizing humiliation of having our breath ruthlessly smelled of to detect circumstantial evidence of our having broken the rule. We hold with Bill Nye and other of this nation's foremost jurists that a man's breath is his personal property, not to be entrusted to even his Sunday girl, most especially to rude men who would most likely treat it as a common thing and damage it. Such a stand on the part of those in authority has caused some of us to leave off the use of tobacco entirely. Time is too fleeting and life is too short for us to walk over to Rosemary or hide in a hollow log deep down in the bosom of Webb's pasture in order to enjoy a smoke or a "chaw." Don't judge us harshly for depriving ourselves of the luxury of the weed; remember our surroundings and ask yourself what you would have done in similar circumstances.

Night study hall has been, as formerly, carefully and persistently inflicted upon us. It has always seemed to us that night was ordained for rest and slumber and that aught else was a perversion of nature's law. But from some cause or another this idea is not accepted to any satisfactory extent here.

At the beginning of the year we had an idea that we could become, collectively and individually, leaders in society here. This dream like so many of our others has failed to pan out to any spectacular extent. One of our number was out a trifle late one Sunday evening and as a result Professor Greene applied a stout ruler to the embryonic masher with such effect as to cool considerably our social instincts.

Thus it has been with us. I forbear to go on. Allow your own imagination to fill out the rest. In spite of all these things and others too numerous to tell, we have done many a commendable deed this year. In class room work we have at least come up with the standard of last year. By our earnest co-operation we made the January examinations more or less a complete success. Our work in the Sidney Lanier Literary Society

is worthy a word of praise. Most of the students are members of the society. Every Saturday night we have each one borne so patiently with the other's oratory that now we feel very confident of our powers to make ourselves heard, albeit maybe, not understood.

The publication of the Fitting School Journal which was begun last year, has prospered in our hands. At the beginning of this year the following staff of editors was elected; Willard Bonner, Editor-in-Chief; Felix Turnipseed, Business Manager; Buena Shuptrine, Will Horn, Lyons Swayze and Kline Bentley, Assistant Editors.

It would be possible to go on indefinitely telling some good and worthy facts concerning my mates and me but I must desist and leave the scene for a more worthy scribe.



“THE RAT’S PRAYER BEFORE EXAMS”

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, profs, my grades to keep,
If I don't die before I wake,
I pray, professors, a pass to make.



A DREAM—Fitting School Man Gets a Full Meal and Has a Marvelous Dream

One afternoon, in the latter part of December last, there came to my address a box of foodstuffs from home. More precious to me was this prize than much fine gold from the land of Ophar would have been. I waited at the express office till after the shades of evening had fallen and then came on out to the hall and distributed the contents lavishly—among myself. My system was not used to such a thing and within a few minutes I was very sick and dreamed a confused and confusing dream which was about as follows:

I thought I saw an angel come down from heaven on a rope ladder like the one Jacob saw in his dream. This angel tapped me on the shoulder and said:

"Come, follow me."

I followed him down the steps and on down to the front porch steps. There a taxi was waiting for us. This taxi was not a Ford like that which all of us ride in from the depot—but it consisted of two terrapins hitched to a soap box with narrow strips of Fitting School beefsteak for harness. I asked the angel why he did not get him a Ford but he said that a Ford could not swim the Jordan like the terrapins could. We jumped in, all ready to go, and as this vehicle was of the self-starter variety we were off in a jiffy. Our brave team plunged recklessly along without stop or pause, although we passed several drug store looking buildings that I almost knew kept cream. Right on we swept, swam the Jordan, like a Ford could never have done, and paused not until we drew up before the pearly gates.

I had to argue mightily with old Peter to get him to let me in. He scratched his head like Professor Greene, but he was not by any manner of means as hard to persuade. Hence at the last he told me to walk in and make myself at home. The very first thing I saw was a large card of pasteboard, pasted near the entrance, and on it were the grades for those inmates of heaven who hailed from S. U. F. S. I was surprised to find such things as grades in heaven, but it did make me feel more at home.

Erin Atkinson was the first prep. pupil I met. She expressed great surprise at meeting me and when she had sufficiently recovered from the shock, which the meeting gave her, she asked me how much I made in History Exams. I dodged the question and walked on. The next ones I saw were Jones, Sanford, Perdue and Brown playing tennis. Sanford was telling them more about the game than could be found in three rule books. Perdue was explaining, in his interesting way, how his "Buddie Will" played tennis. I thought how little heaven had changed Perdue! Leaving this noisy quartet I came squarely upon Carl Reeder and Olin Donovan arguing about an Algebra problem. Olin was right, of course, as he always was, is, and will be.

Continuing my wanderings I heard a song float out from a nearby corner. The words were "Dorris, Dorris, O how I love you." The singer proved to be Kline Bentley.

On a tree I saw a large placard announcing that the First National Bank of Greensboro had recently failed, owing to the fact that Rat Bradley had drawn out his \$3.50. By this time I had become very thirsty, so I sought a nearby fountain; but on coming close to it I saw the word "Private" written boldly across it. I asked someone standing near if I could not get a drink, but he told me that fountain was the exclusive property of Woolsey Sturdivant, a boy from S. U. F. S. John Phippen just then came hurrying along and invited me to get an ice cream cone with him. We passed near the pearly gates and heard somebody arguing manfully with old Peter that the hinges on the gates needed oiling. The stout young spokesman was none other than Wille Stuart. While Phippen and I were getting our cream, a big man came in the store and asked for ten pounds of Brown Mule tobacco. A second glance was not needed to convince me that this was Howel Bentley. Two girls next attracted my attention as they came down the street, talking and chewing gum at an amazing rate of speed. One asked the other:

"Who came to see you Sunday night?"

"O, about fifteen or twenty college boys." These girls looked very much like Alice Seed and Elizabeth Christenberry. Attracted by a noise at the rear of the store I proceeded to investigate and found Walter Williamson at his old business of "laying it off" to little Willie about leaving water in the wash pan. Of course Willie was denying the allegation and defying the alligator. Jessie Pugh just then passed the shop busily reading something which I quickly recognized as his weekly letter. Buck Turnipseed was not far behind him limping along as if he had just come from a basket ball game with Schna.

Going on up the street, I met Charlie Horn and we talked long of our days at the Prep. when he was such a ladies' man. While we talked, a noise from a close by pasture made me think that a goat was in serious trouble. I was disgusted upon going out there that it was only George Ledyard. At the corner of this pasture I noticed a large sign which said, "PROF. CLARENCE WILBURN, FANCY CONFECTIONARY." I knew he did not make any profit for he would eat more than he sold. Stevenson came along shivering with cold and said the water at the gym. was too cold for anything. I went with him around to his stopping place and found his old time room-mate, English, studying geometry for dear life. The co-ed, in other words, J. K. Thomas, was in the room explaining to them the graft in a county fair gambling machine.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the room, an up-stairs room, by the way, and on looking out we saw George Harris passing by. He had boldly stepped over the city gates when Peter looked up his record and denied him entrance. Burton and "Smithy" Rothenburg passed along and were holding a stiff discussion about 'possum hunting. John Rush, I learned, was chief jockey for one of the leading stables in town. Some one told me that Barton Harris had never gotten over the gym. work that he did at the Prep., and was selling peanuts on the golden streets for a livelihood. I did not see him, but I saw his ad.—a large one—in a paper gotten out by our worthy editor of the Fitting School Journal, Willard Bonner.

By this time I was getting hungry and started out to hunt a restaurant. Lounging in front of an eating shop I found Daughtry. I invited him to come on and dine with me and was not surprised to see that he still ate oat-meal with a fork and stirred his coffee with a knife. From Daughtry I learned that his cousin, C. W. Daughtry, was helping Will Horn run a protracted meeting in the First Methodist Church of the place. I also learned that Chester "Agricola"—by interpretation, Farmer, had drawn the plans for this church.

As I was going up the street after leaving the restaurant I met Lelia Otts, who asked me to come around to her house that night to a party she was giving in honor of the inmates of heaven who were from Greensboro. Just then I saw John Crews coming down the street in his road-cart drawn by his noble white horse. Archie Otts was in the cart with him and I imagined that they were out for a day's bird shooting. I soon came upon John Golightly intent upon drawing a cartoon, with Williams as a model, to go in Bonner's paper.

When I came to the public square I saw a crowd of children watching Joe Kendricks turn handsprings and cart wheels for them. He was too absorbed in his work to so much as look up when I spoke.

Turner, DeGraffenried and Clanton were the only Fitting School students I had not seen and while a horrible fear was beginning to grip my imagination in regard to their whereabouts a terrible noise broke in upon me. At first I thought that an earthquake had come, but I woke to find it was only Van ringing the first bell. I hurriedly arose intending to devour the remaining contents of my box from home, but great was my anger to find that while I had slept some enemy had invaded my sacred sanctorium and filled himself up with my box in toto.

A FRAGMENTARY DIARY

By a Fitting School Man.

Sept. 9th. Arrived here last night at 6:45. Like the looks of everything so far.

Sept. 10th. Days pass mighty slow. Didn't sleep much last night for fear some fellows would come in to see (?) me.

Sept. 11th. Just finished bolting up my door for fear of nightly visitors. I am homesick.

Sept. 11th. Too busy to keep up my diary regularly. Fresh "rat" got paddled at the gym yesterday. Meekness is the best policy for the rat.

Sept. 20th. Howel and Kline Bentley chew some Brown Mule in their room and are denied town privileges.

Oct. 1st. Jessie Pugh in bed today for not hearing from his girl in two weeks.

Oct. 4th. I get a box from home and make some of the boys and myself sick on its contents.

Oct. 8th. Mrs. Fuller comes to take Mrs. Phillips' place as Matron, as Mr. Phillips has been appointed to a circuit.

Oct. 10th. Mr. Culpepper, traveling evangelist, is holding a series of meetings in town. Good preacher.

Oct. 24th. "Rat" Bradley makes his first speech in Literary Society and gains tremendous (?) applause.

Oct. 26th. Brown, Jones, Donovan and I make some candy in a water boiler and give the professors some to gain their good will.

Oct. 31st. "Buck" Turnipseed given elaborate initiation into Sidney Lanier Literary Society.

Nov. 1st. Thanksgiving in sight. Hope to go home at that time.

Nov. 28th. Thanksgiving passed and all is well—except Sanford, who stayed out too late and was afflicted with an oaken ruler when he came in.

Nov. 30th. No news whatever. Wish it was Xmas.

Dec. 5th. Buena Shuptrine gets his collar bone broken in a game of football.

Dec. 7th. Willie Stuart and Professor Wilburn go out among the ladies. Three cheers for Willie!

Dec. 8th. Christmas in sight. Good!

Jan. 6th, '15. Had a good time Xmas, but am now more homesick than ever.

Jan. 10th. Thomas and Farmer show signs of recovering from being initiated into S. L. L. S.

Jan. 11th. English, Stevenson and Perdue mortally ill with homesickness.

Jan. 30th. First term over; second term begins.

Feb. 4th. Some furniture arrangers pay the Bentley boys a call and arrange their room for them.

Feb. 14th. Saint Valentine's day. Several of us get remembrances.

Feb. 20th. Spring is opening up.

Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday. Mighty glad he was born.

In Memoriam



CAREY GOLSON. 1892—1914.

Mulberry, Alabama.

In hallowed remembrance of Carey Golson, a member of last year's student body. As a son, obedient and loving; as a student, faithful and earnest; as a friend, warm-hearted and true.

SONNET

Oh Southern dear, when golden autumn's nigh,
And we once more our faces towards thee turn,
How soon forgotten is vacation's sky,
As quickened loves within our bosoms burn!

Ah, that is joy supreme, old friends to greet
And in thy halls, beneath thy watchful care,
Renew that goodly comradeship so sweet
That binds thy sons together everywhere!

Though summer days with pleasures and delight,
And friends, and those e'en dearer than they are
Have filled our hearts with warm affection quite,
Yet, as the radiance of the shining morning star,
More bright than that of others seems to fall,
Thus, love for thee, S. U., surpasses all.



AROUND THE COLLEGE

COEDS.





LEILA MAE TATE



ELIZABETH RUSH



EVELYN LAWSON



ALICE SEED



ELIZABETH CHRISTENDERRY



ERIN ATKINSON



MADGE WINN



MARY BARNETT



MAUD GARRETT



BUELAH CALHOUN



JULIA TUTWILER



ROSALIND RUSH



CO-ED BASKET BALL TEAM

ELIZABETH RUSH *Manager*

MAUD GARRETT *Captain*

Forwards

MAUD GARRETT, ELIZABETH RUSH, MADGE WINN.

Center

EDNA WILLIAMS.

Guards.

BEULAH CALHOUN, ROSALIND RUSH.

"Sub."

ERIN ATKINSON.

RECORD.

Co-eds, 12; Greensboro, 6.

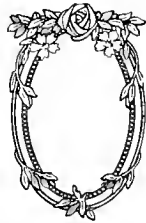
Co-eds, 30; Moundville, 3.

Co-eds, 3; Woman's College, 31.

(Other games pending.)

Julia Maud Dew

IN LOVING
MEMORY



AUNT CLARISSY

The fire burned cheerfully on the hearth sending forth its grateful warmth to temper the crisp coolness of the October night. Before it, in a low, comfortable chair an old negro woman sat nodding. As she sat there in her dark calico dress and her spotless white apron with her kinky gray hair barely showing from under the edges of the cloth which she wore about her head, she was a typical picture of the old Southern darkey.

A light step in the hallway aroused her from her dreams. She turned toward the door as a slender girl of seemingly about eighteen entered. "Oh, Mammy," she burst forth, "Are you still awake? It was so late. I was afraid you'd get tired of waiting for me. But everything was so wonderful. I just couldn't leave a minute earlier."

"Lors honey doan yer know yo' ole Mammy ain' never gwine ter bed 'til she know her chile's safe at home? Naw sir. I done promise de young missus ter take care o' her baby girl, an' long as dis here ole nigger lives she's gwine keep her word."

"Come here an' let yo' Mammy see how purty yer looks. Doan I wish yer ma could a lived ter see yer now. Puts me in min' o' how she use' ter look when she wuz a gal an' use'ter go ter de parties wid de young marster."

No wonder the old negro admired Edith as she stood there in the bright firelight. The gay Hallowe'en costume which she wore was unusually becoming to her slender girlish figure. Her face, around which fell her soft golden hair, was still flushed from the excitement of the evening's pleasure. Her full red lips and lovely blue eyes seemed to complete the picture of girlish beauty.

Her expression softened as the old darkey spoke. "Yes, she must have been beautiful. When I was just a little child she used to tell me of the times before the war broke out, of all the pretty dresses and beautiful jewels she had when a girl. I've often imagined I could see the stately old home with its wide porches and big columns. Wasn't it grand to live like that, Mammy?"

"Yer's right, it wuz chile, an' if dem po' white folks funn de North hadn't er come down here an' burnt up everything, it would er been jest that way now an' Miss Sue and Marse John ud be livin' terday. Never is I ter fergit how brave an' sweet yo' ma wuz. Marse John he wuz gone ter de war an' youz jes a little baby."

"Please tell me all about it, Mammy," said Edith eagerly. "I can remember how mother used to always stop when she got to that part."

"Ain' I done never tol' yer 'bout dat? Well, if I ain't, it's too late ternight. G'wan ter bed an' res' dem purty eyes o' yourn."

"It doesn't make any difference how late it is, Mammy, I can rest tomorrow, and I do so want to hear it." So saying Edith seated herself comfortably on the rug in front of the fire with her head in the old darkey's lap ready to hear the story.

"Wal it wuz dis way," began Aunt Clarissy thoughtfully. "Fo de war Mars James, yo' gran'pa, had done set me free an' give me nice lil' cabin wid 'bout fifteen acres o' lan' all my own. But I hed done waited on yo' ma all her life an' I jes kep' stayin' wid her, speshully atter de war begun an' Mars John had ter leave."

"De Yankess had been doin' lots o' debilment in his part ob de country. One day Miss Sue come runnin' down ter my house wid you in her arms. Her face wuz white as dat wall an' she wuz so skeered she couldn't speak. I jes hed to look out ob my do' ter see, kose dar wuz de big house des burnin' up. An' not only dat, but de barns uz on fire too an' dey hed done stole all Mars John's horses. Dey neber bothered my lil' cabin tho', so Missus she say you'n she'd jes stay wid me 'til Mars John come home."

Edith sat motionless listening eagerly to every word of the story. Her eyes would fill with tears as Aunt Clarissy told how her father came home from the war wornout and discouraged by the long years of warfare to find his home burned and his plantation devastated. His broad acres were of little use to him now for his stock was gone and his negroes freed. Accustomed to a life of ease and luxury, for as the old negro expressed it "dey was 'risticals," little was he prepared to meet the battles of the life that lay before him.

"But, Mammy, I thought we came here to Uncle Dick's as soon as the war was over," interrupted Edith.

"So yer did," continued Aunt Clarissy, impatiently, "but dey had ter get money fum somewhere fust ter come on. Dat wuz when yo' ma thought 'bout de jew'lry."

"The jewelry?" queried Edith, in surprise.

"Lor chile, ain' you neber heard 'bout dat? All dat wuz lef atter de war wuz dem rings an' bracelets an' earrings an' things dat de young missus hed give me ter keep. I kep em buried under ma front steps all durin' de war so de Yankees couldn't get 'em. De missus loved 'em, too, kase dey uz all she had lef' fum de ole times. But she wuz jes' as brave an' she say dey can pawn 'em fer enough ter get ter yer Uncle Dick's. Dis ole nigger sho did hate ter see 'em go, fr de young missus use ter look so purty wid 'em on. But Miss Sue she say it hed ter be done."

The old negro's voice almost broke as she told how they left the old home place, and how she had wanted to go with them to take care of "Miss Sue an' de baby." She couldn't bear to think that her "young missus" should ever have to do anything for herself. In vain did they try to persuade her that it was better for her to stay on her little farm. She only consented to stay on condition that she should be sent for if they ever needed her.

The rest of the story Edith knew already too well. Though she had been quite small she remembered how her mother had faded like a fragile flower. During her last illness she had sent for her faithful old nurse and had said something to her which Edith had not understood at the time. She remembered too how her father, suffering from the effects of a deadly disease contracted during his life in the army, and crushed by his great bereavement and misfortune, had soon followed his fair young wife.

When Aunt Clarissy finished her story, Edith remained silent as she thought of how faithfully the old darkey had kept her promise to her mistress, how devotedly she had cared for her "baby chile." As she sat thus in quiet meditation, the old negro arose without a word and started out of the door.

"Good-night, Mammy," Edith called after her, thinking she had gone for the night. "And thank you for telling me the story."

"I ain't gone yit, I'll be back in er minute," was the reply as Aunt Clarissy continued on her way to her little room in the back yard, leaving Edith to wonder why she had left in this manner.

In a short time, she came back bringing with her a small rosewood box, which she handed to Edith as she entered. "Here, chile, here's sump'n yo' ole Mammy's been er keepin' for yer all dese years. I reckon youse growed up enough ter have 'em now."

With trembling fingers, Edith opened the box. Her face was a mixture of astonishment and delight as she looked up helplessly into the face of her old nurse. "Mammy," she gasped, finally, "Surely these aren't mine! Where—where did you get them?"

"Well, I reckon deyse mo' yose dan anybody's else, kase deyse de jew'ls what use ter b'long ter you sweet purty ma fo de war," answered Aunt Clarissy with a grin of satisfaction at Edith's surprise. "Yas, sir, de young missus use ter sho look purty wid 'em on."

"My mother's?" asked Edith, bewildered. "But, Mammy, you told me they pawned all her jewelry to get money to come to Uncle Dick's!"

"An' I done tole yer de truf too, chile. Yer see it wuz dis way. I hed a lil'l money whut I had done saved up fum my little farm what Marse James gin me. Yo pa an' ma dey'se dat proud, dey wouldn't take it lak I ax um ter stidd o' pawnin' all her jew'lry. So atter dey lef ma house I got ter see de young missus' things go inter strange hous. So I says ter myse'f, 'I'll jes buy it back wid de money I got,' an' I did."

"But, Mammy," interrupted Edith, "Why—"

"Jes wait now honey, 'till I gits thru'. I started ter bring bit ter Miss Sue, but I'se scared if she'd take it, she mought hatter sell hit ergin. So I says ter myse'f, 'I'll jes keep bit 'till de baby chile gits growed up.'"

"Doan yo cry now an' make yer purty eyes all red lak dat. G'wan ter bed now an' res' yesself. I knowed it uz too late fer yer ter be a settin' up."

It was in the wee small hours of the morning, when Aunt Clariss, after a last glance about the room to see that everything was alright, closed the door noiselessly behind her and went quietly out to her little cabin. "Lorzee," she muttered to herself, "Ef dat chile ain' gettin' mo lak de young missus ev'ry day she lives, den dey'se sump'n moughty wrong wid dis ole nigger's eyes."

A CO-ED.

ORGANIZATIONS.



Members of Clariosophic Literary Society

C. E. AVINGER

E. H. McGEHEE

M. M. MATHEWS

TUPPER LIGHTFOOT

V. A. CALHOUN

W. H. ROBERTSON

W. L. PERRY

DAYTON ROBINSON

WALTER BASS

WEBB JORDAN

WARREN BONNER

FLOYD DAY

ALDRICH CROWE

MILTON DANNELLY

GEORGE GRANT

J. FRANK LIVINGSTON

J. BROUGHTON NELSON

W. V. PIERCE

G. C. WALLACE

J. H. GAYLE

RUDOLPH TURNIPSEED

M. H. MATTHEWS

C. W. DAUGHTRY



CLARIOSOPHC LITERARY SOCIETY

CLARIOSOPHIC LITERARY SOCIETY

At the beginning of last September, when the boys began to turn their faces once more towards S. U., the Clarios discovered that many of their old men, because of graduation or some other reason would not return. But, on arriving at the little city of Greensboro, we found a goodly bunch of "rats" waiting to be worked on and we straightway began to pledge them. We rounded up quite a number of frisky Freshmen, and already some of them display ability that may even surpass that of the great Demosthenes.

Last year, our representatives, J. H. Baxley and M. M. Matthews, achieved a great victory by winning Challenge Debate, even though the valiant Haskew and the eloquent Allen strove mightily for the Belles Lettres. But we did not even stop there. We carried away the Commencement Honors by a large majority and captured all but two of the medals. It was certainly a complete triumph for the old society, and it speaks well for the excellence of herorators. The successful competitors were:

H. A. Newson: Sophomore-Freshman Declamation.

E. B. Joyner: Junior Medal.

J. H. Baxley: The Societies Medal and also the U. D. C. Medal.

For this year (1914-15), our first term Ladies' Debaters were: W. W. Jordan, W. A. Bonner, W. V. Pierce, J. M. Dannelly and W. L. Perry as Orator.

The second term "Ladies' Debaters" are: Eldrich Crowe, G. C. Wallace, J. B. Nelson, J. R. Turnipseed, F. E. Day, C. W. Daughtry and Tupper Lightfoot as Orator.

Anniversary Debaters: V. A. Calhoun, W. W. Jordan, Tupper Lightfoot and J. M. Dannelly. Prof. J. H. Baxley will deliver the address

Challenge Debaters: W. H. Robertson and D. Robinson.

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS.

Sophomore-Freshman Declamation: G. C. Wallace, W. W. Jordan, W. A. Bonner, J. B. Nelson, W. V. Pierce and C. W. Daughtry.

Junior Orators: E. H. McGehee, W. L. Perry and D. Robinson.

Society Orators: E. H. McGehee and Tupper Lightfoot.

U. D. C. Orator: M. M. Matthews.

With such men as these to represent the society, we cannot fail, and the good work of the Clariosophic will go on with increasing success.



C. A. HASKEW

Intercollegiate Oratorical Association

Since its foundation, Southern University has been famous for the training she affords in the art of public speaking. No one college course is more stressed than this department of student activity. For the purpose of cultivating this art, there are two literary societies run entirely by the students. The young man, aspiring to attain skill as an orator, first takes part in the contests within the societies, then before the public, and then between the two rival organizations.

To furnish a broader and more inviting field to those interested in such activities, S. U., some years ago, formed with Howard College and Auburn an organization known as "The Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Alabama." Birmingham College entered as the fourth member in 1913. It is indeed gratifying to observe the interest and enthusiasm that is taken in the work of the Association. There are few graduates of this institution, since the league was formed, who have not aspired to represent their Alma Mater in the State contest. This is considered the very highest of college honors.

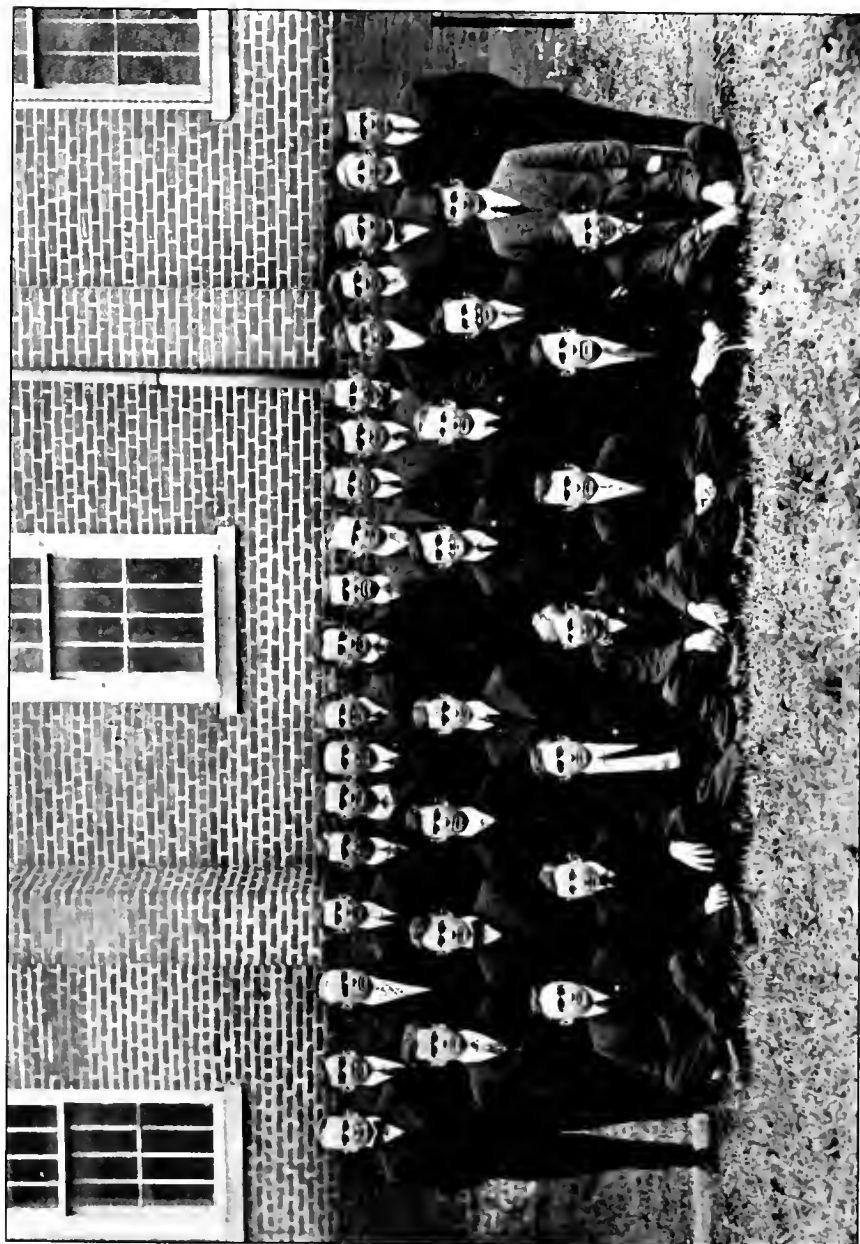
Our representative last year was C. A. Haskew. Though not the winner of the medal, he made one of the noblest efforts in the history of the Association. He took second prize, the representative of Birmingham College winning first.

As our representative to the Oratorical Meet which will be held in Birmingham in April of this year, we have Mr. W. W. Pippen of Eutaw, Ala. He is a forceful and convincing orator and we feel confident of his success.

Members of Belles Lettres Literary Society

C. W. SEGREST
H. L. KERSH
W. T. DEAL
JOE SLEDGE
W. E. LITTLE
J. L. BATES
H. I. SAVAGE
MALCOLM JOHNSON
GOLDMAN PALMER
H. T. MORGAN
H. G. DOUGLASS
W. S. GUICE
W. M. HINTON
E. D. THORPE
H. CRAWFORD
W. T. ALISON
WILL TERRY
W. W. PIPPEN

H. C. PORTER
WAYNE GILDER
T. J. ANDERSON
J. B. BENSON
F. B. JOYNER
A. E. BARNETT, JR.
A. L. ATKINSON
W. E. CALHOUN
J. H. COUILLETTE
LAMAR KELLY
R. H. ALLGOOD
D. W. GODFREY
W. S. CHAPMAN
K. B. EDWARDS
H. L. TATE
E. T. CALHOUN
J. E. MCCURDY
EMMETT SHARPE



BELLES LETTRES LITERARY SOCIETY

Belles Lettres Literary Society

The year 1914-15 opened with bright prospects for Belles Lettres. After we had shaken hands with all the old men, and had carefully inspected the "rats," we began to "figger around" to see how things stood. Imagine our joy and surprise on finding, that in spite of the "war and boll weevil," nearly all of the old members had returned to the fold.

And did we do any rushing? Ask the Clarios about that. When initiation night, with its secrets and mystery, came round, we had pledged a large number of promising Freshmen who were eager to follow old "Alpha Kappa Phi" through thick and thin. Indeed our novices seemed to be the pick of the bunch and at the very first meeting acquired the Belles Lettres spirit. Thus the year began with enthusiasm and earnestness, and the interest has never flagged. Rainy nights and darkness have not prevented the attendance of the loyal members, and the society work has been most efficient. And right here we cannot refrain from mentioning the great basket ball victory that we won from the rivals, the Clarios, at the beginning of the season. Belles Lettres was truly alive that night.

We were unfortunate, last year, in losing the "Challenge Debate," although our representatives made a gallant defense. This year we have to represent us "Fatty" Hinton and A. E. Barnett. Both men have shown their abilities on several public occasions, and we feel sure that they will be the champions when the contest comes off in April.

At the last Commencement, Belles Lettres received two of the medals presented. W. O. Phillips was the successful winner of these honors, capturing both the ready-writers' and ready-debaters' trophies.

The first term "Ladies' Debate" was a most enjoyable occasion. The new men who spoke were as follows: W. W. Phippen, Lamar Kelly, H. T. Morgan, W. S. Chapman, K. B. Edwards and E. C. Sharpe. H. I. Savage was the orator.

After the Christmas Holidays, the following men were elected to represent the society in the various second term contests:

"Ladies' Debaters," second term: H. Crawford, J. L. Bates, H. C. Porter, W. Terry, J. H. Coulliette and A. L. Atkinson. H. G. Douglas was elected orator.

"Anniversary Debate": J. B. Benson, W. E. Calhoun, H. L. Kersh and H. G. Douglas. Rev. C. C. Daniel of Wetumpka, will deliver the oration.

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS.

Freshman-Sophomore Declamation: W. B. Pippin, W. S. Chapman, W. E. Calhoun, J. L. Kelly, K. B. Edwards and D. W. Godfrey.

Junior Orators: A. E. Barnett, F. B. Joyner and H. G. Douglas.

Society Orators: W. M. Hinton and H. I. Savage.

U. D. C. Orator: A. E. Barnett.

We are expecting to capture more than our share of these honors, and the future of our dear old society promises to be very successful, even more so than her glorious past.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET

Young Men's Christian Association

The Officers for the year 1914 were:

W. M. HINTON	President
M. M. MATHEWS	Vice-President
C. E. AVINGER	Secretary
C. W. SEGREST	Treasurer

For the year 1915, the following Officers were elected:

H. G. DOUGLAS	President
W. M. HINTON	Vice-President
J. B. BENSON	Secretary
F. B. JOYNER	Treasurer

MEMBERSHIP.

WALTER BASS

H. T. MORGAN

E. D. THORPE

F. B. JOYNER

T. J. ANDERSON

W. M. HINTON

H. W. WILLIAMSON

BUENA SHRUPTRINE

TEPPER LIGHTFOOT

H. G. DOUGLAS

DAYTON ROBINSON

C. E. AVINGER

MILTON DANNELLY

W. H. ROBERTSON

E. H. McGEHEE

W. W. JORDAN

C. A. RUSH

H. CRAWFORD

WAYNE GILDER

W. A. BONNER

R. TURNPSEED

H. C. PORTER

M. M. MATHEWS

A. L. ATKINSON

S. C. STEINBRENNER

J. B. BENSON

R. W. GREENE

F. TURNPSEED

A. BONNER

J. L. BATES

C. P. ATKINSON

J. C. GODFREY

D. M. KEY

F. E. CHAPMAN

J. B. NELSON

WILLIE STUART

W. W. PIPPIN

W. S. CHAPMAN

R. H. ALLGOOD

GEO. GRANT

C. W. SEGREST

H. L. TATE

K. B. EDWARDS

D. W. GODFREY

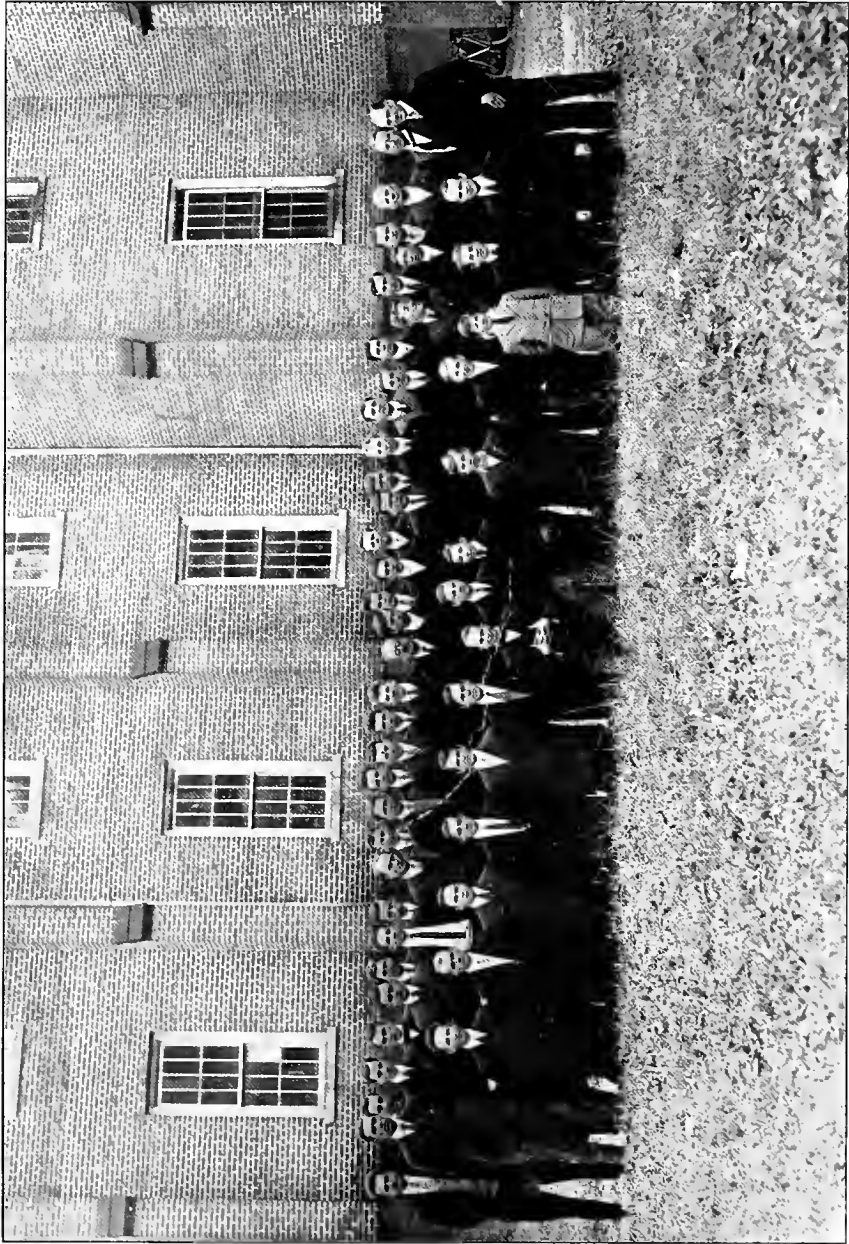
LAMAR KELLY

W. T. DEAL

H. I. SAVAGE

W. H. BONNER

A. E. BARNETT, JR.



Y. M. C. A. MEMBERSHIP

THE "BLUE RIDGE" CONFERENCE

The Southern Student Y. M. C. A. Conference opened its session June 10, 1911, with about three hundred delegates enrolled, representing all of the Southern States and practically all of the leading institutions of learning. Four of Alabama's colleges were represented, Auburn, U. of A., Howard and Southern University. Dayton Robinson and C. E. Ayinger were the delegates from S. U. Dr. W. D. Weatherford, whose consummate ability of leadership and masterful grasp of details, arising from a wealth of past experience, made him peculiarly fit to direct the progress of the conference. Dr. Weatherford's corps of helpers was a select body of Y. M. C. A. workers and religious leaders from different parts of the South. Among the most inspiring and notable of those were Drs. Poteat, Cook, Horn and others. The conference was indeed fortunate in securing for a few days the services of Dr. John R. Mott and Bishop W. R. Lambuth. The latter came direct to us from his trip to Africa. His recital of the noble loyalty to Christ of the little band of Missionaries in the "Dark Continent," and of their heroic sacrifice was an inspiration to Southern boys to form a loftier conception of their duty to the kinsmen of the same race in their midst. Dr. Mott, in his masterful way, presented the world-wide vision of Christian opportunity and responsibility in the various Mission fields.

The spirit of the entire conference was one of the most pleasant Christian fellowship and co-operation, in searching after new light on intricate problems of Y. M. C. A. work, mainly social service. There prevailed throughout an undiminished interest and enthusiasm, born of a zeal for the spiritual uplift of not only the South, but of the whole world. Of the three hundred boys in attendance only one left before the end of the ten days, and the remarkable record of the Mission and Bible Study groups was the absence from classes for the whole time of only three men. Dr. Weatherford pronounced it one of the most successful conferences of which he had any knowledge.

—By a Representative from S. U.



Members of the Y. M. C. A. Bible Study Group

PROF. F. E. CHAPMAN, *Leader.*

W. V. PIERCE

W. W. PIPPIN

G. P. LEDYARD

C. E. AVINGEER

W. E. CALHOUN

H. T. MORGAN

H. CRAWFORD

MILTON DANNELLY

J. B. BENSON

PROF. KEY

J. L. BATES

W. H. ROBERTSON

H. G. DOUGLAS

F. B. JOYNER

H. C. PORTER

A. E. BARNETT, JR.

C. W. SEGREST

J. B. NELSON

WALTER BASS

K. B. EDWARDS

F. E. DAY

W. S. CHAPMAN

H. L. TATE

J. L. KELLEY

J. E. MCCURDY

J. W. HORN

J. E. PUGH



Ministerial Conferene

MOTTO: "It is enough for the servant that he be as his Lord."

OFFICERS.

C. A. CORNELL	President
DR. C. P. ATKINSON	Vice-President
W. T. DEAL	Secretary

PROGRAM COMMITTEE.

S. C. STEINBRENNER	C. A. CORNELL	R. W. GREENE
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MEMBERS.

J. C. JAMES	H. C. PORTER
C. P. ATKINSON	J. W. HORNE
W. T. DEAL	H. W. WILLIAMSON
E. M. TURNER	G. P. LEDYARD
S. C. STEINBRENNER	W. S. GUICE
R. W. GREENE	D. M. DAUGHTRY
W. W. PIPPEN, JR.	H. L. TATE
W. V. PIERCE	W. M. HIXSON
E. E. COWAN	C. A. RUSH
C. E. AVINGER	A. BONNER
C. A. CORNELL	C. W. DAUGHTRY
O. S. PERRY	



JIM



THE CHAPEL





CLUBS ON THE
FOLLOWING
PAGES.

Southern University Glee Club

OFFICERS.

WAYNE GILDER	<i>President and Manager.</i>
W. M. HINTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
E. D. THORPE	<i>Treasurer</i>
W. E. LITTLE	<i>Librarian</i>
PROF. J. C. GODBEY	<i>Director</i>

MEMBERS.

<i>First Tenor</i>	<i>Second Tenor</i>
R. H. ALLGOOD	W. M. HINTON
W. S. CHAPMAN	W. E. LITTLE
G. P. LEDYARD	W. H. BONNER
A. E. BARNETT	H. G. DOUGLAS
W. T. DEAL	D. ROBINSON
D. W. GODFREY	
<i>First Bass</i>	<i>Second Bass</i>
K. B. EDWARDS	WAYNE GILDER
J. F. LIVINGSTON	E. D. THORPE
J. B. NELSON	GOLDMAN PALMER
J. E. MCCURDY	J. M. DANNELEY, JR.
T. LIGHTFOOT	J. B. BENSON

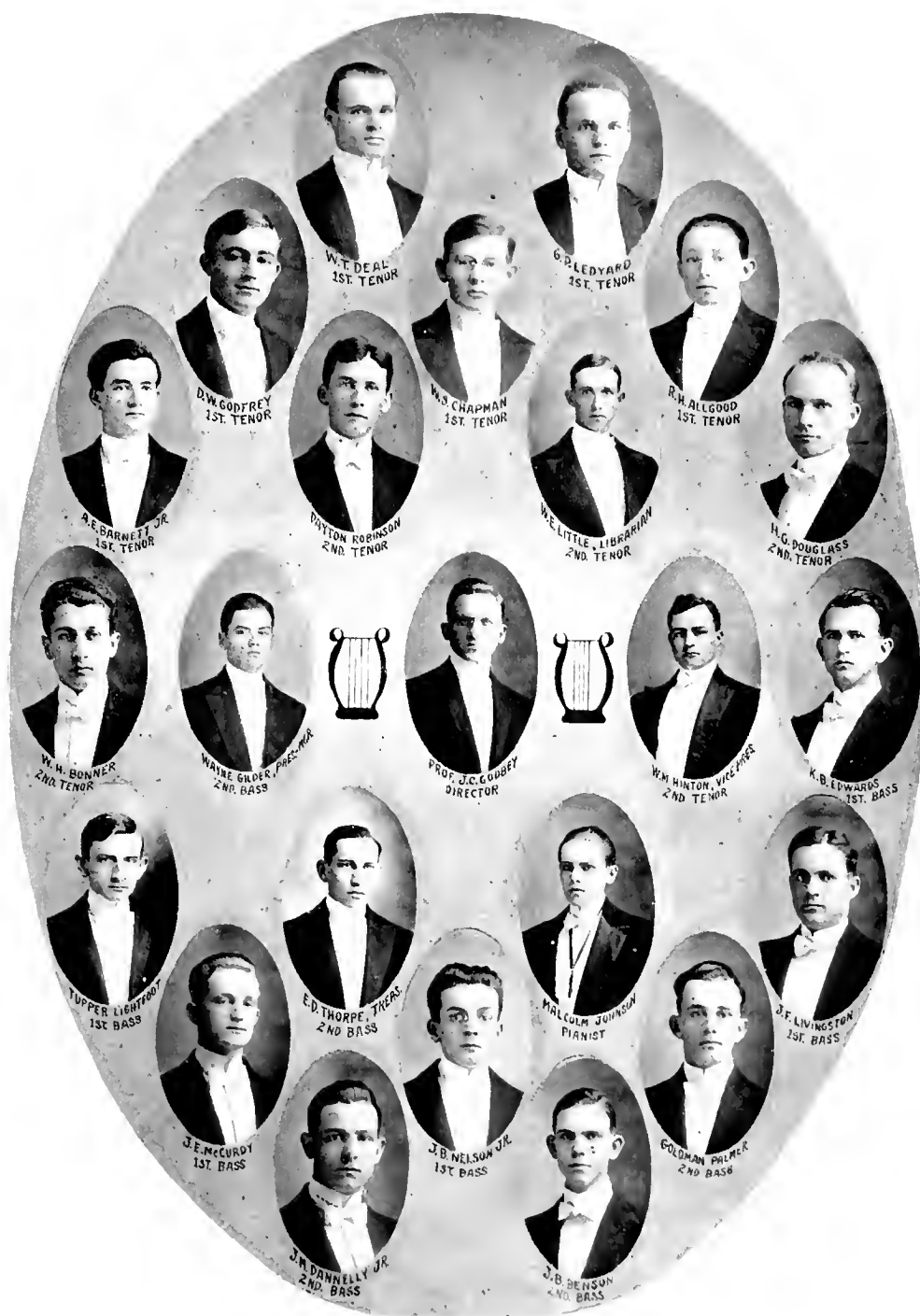
Accompanist: MALCOLM JOHNSON.

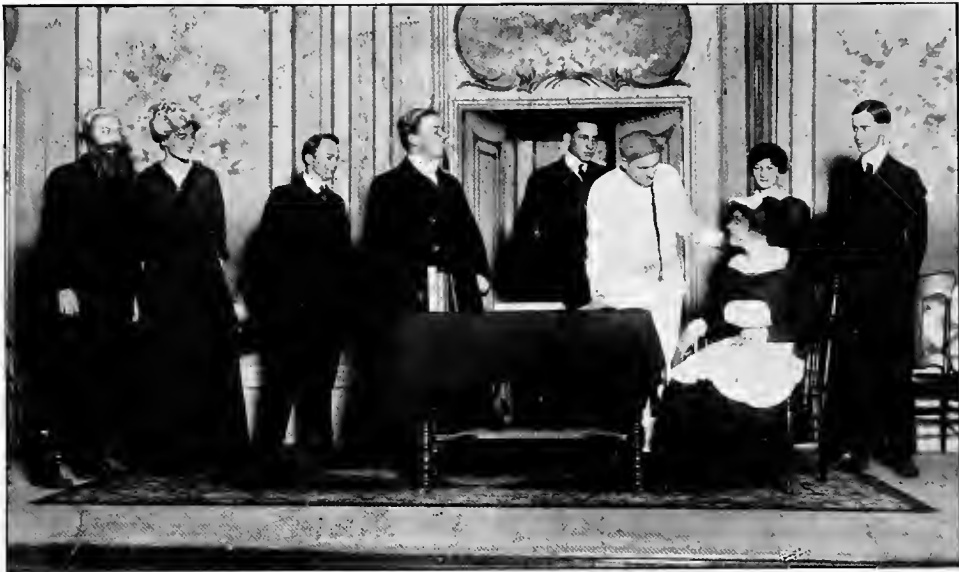
The third year of the Glee Club's existence has been most successful. Although only five old men of last year's organization returned, yet Prof. Godbey succeeded in developing the best club in the history of the University. Concerts have been given in various sections of Alabama, and everywhere the singers were accorded a most enthusiastic welcome. A minstrel is to be given in the early spring, and the club will more than likely furnish the Commencement music. Great credit is due to Prof. Godbey for his untiring efforts in training the club to such a high degree of excellence, and as a director, he has no superior in the State. The Glee Club has become an organization, of which the college is justly proud, and is one of the most thriving and popular student activities at S. U.

ANNUAL TOUR.

Jackson	February 1
Mobile	February 2
Brewton	February 3
Montgomery	February 4
Wetumpka	February 5
Montevallo	February 6

(Other dates are pending.)





DRAMATIC CLUB

OFFICERS.

C. W. SEGREST	<i>President and Manager</i>
F. B. JOYNER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
N. M. LEWIS	<i>Director</i>

MEMBERS.

C. W. SEGREST	GEO. WALLACE
W. M. HINTON	MISS MARY BARNETT
F. B. JOYNER	MISS ELIZABETH RUSH
H. G. DOUGLAS	MISS ROSALIND RUSH
E. D. THORPE	

The Colonel's Maid

CHARACTERS.

Col. Robt. Rudd, a widower of N. C....	Mortally	{ M. Fatte de Hinton.
Col. Richard Byrd, a widower of N. C....	Antagonistic.	{ Sir By Geo. Wallace.
Majorie Byrd.....	Not so antagonistic	{ Fraulein Elisabet Rush.
Bob Rudd.....	as their fathers.	{ Herr Nikalaus von Segrest.
Mrs. Jno. Carrol, a widow, and Col. Rudd's sister-in-law.....		Mademoiselle Marie Barnett
Julia Carrol, her daughter.....		Fraulein Rosalind Rush
Ned Graydon, a young gentleman with faulty memory.....		Lord Bunion Joyner
Mr. Jas. Baskom, Col. Rudd's Lawyer.....		Earle Eugene Thorpe
Ching-ah-ling, the Chinese Cook.....		Chief Baldie Douglas

Time—Present.

SYNOPSIS.

- Act 1. Early morning in kitchen of Rudd bachelor establishment.
 Act 2. The Rudd Library five days later.
 Act 3. The same evening of the same day.



K. A. Club

Kappa Alphas at Southern University

W. T. ALISON, JR.

T. J. ANDERSON

W. M. HINTON

W. W. HUNT, JR.

H. I. SAVAGE

E. D. THORPE



R. D. H. Club

Founded at Southern University,

Jan. 15, 1915, at 12:00 P. M.

Flower: Any old weed.

Habits: Chewing old rags.

Color: Goatish brown.

Emblem: Button.

Aim: To climb.

Motto: "But 'till you're bald-headed."

Honorary Member: Dr. C. P. Atkinson.

CHARTER MEMBERS.

"OLD GENT" LITTLE
 "TONGUE" CALHOUN
 "COZ. GEO." WALLACE
 "TRIPE" KELLEY
 "JONATHAN" JORDAN

"SPORT" LIVINGSTON
 "DOC." PIPPEN
 "RUBE" DANNELLY
 "CRICKET" BARNETT

INITIATES.

"SHORTY" GODFREY
 "PINKEY" CHAPMAN
 "FLETCH" BASS
 "FROG-EYE" ROBERTSON

"FISH" GRANT
 "GOLDSMITH" PALMER
 "ICH BIN" KERSH



N. O. G. D.

(VERY SECRET)

Motto: "Safety First."

Color: Yellow.

Flower: Catnip.

Drink: Sweet Milk.

Sacred Emblem: Safety Pin.

OFFICIATORS.

Chief Baby	TEPPER LIGHTFOOT
C. S. of N. O. G. D.	H. I. SAVAGE
Chief Guardian	C. W. SEGREST
Head Nurse	W. T. ALISON

Mascot: J. C. GODFREY, JR.

MEMBERS.

BABY TOM ANDERSON	BABY IRBY SAVAGE
BABY "BALLY" DOUGLAS	EXTRA BIG BABY FATTY HINTON
BABY WILL ALISON	BABY DOUBLE W. HUNT
BABY TEPPER LIGHTFOOT	BABY "NICK" SEGREST
BABY "MAC" McGEHEE	BABY WAYNE GILDER
BABY "RED" McCURDY	BABY EUGENICS THORPE
BABY "MAUDE" ALLGOOD	



Society of the Much Abused
or
The Independent Order of Preacher's Sons and Daughters

OFFICERS.

Exaltednabob	DR. C. A. RUSH
Cussreceiver	H. L. KERSH
Doughboy	E. H. McGEHEE
Doorwatcher	L. BATES
Grubrustler	MISS ELIZABETH RUSH

Motto: Pay the Preachers More.

Society Flower: The Gold Dollar.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

H. L. KERSH	H. L. TATE
H. COUILLETTE	W. A. BONNER
T. ATKINSON	DR. C. A. RUSH
PROF. STEINBRENNER	W. E. CALHOUN
E. H. McGEHEE	E. T. CALHOUN
L. BATES	J. B. NELSON
J. M. DANNELLY	JOHN RUSH
LAMAR PERRY	MISS ELIZABETH RUSH
PROF. J. C. GODBEY	MISS ERIN ATKINSON
C. W. SEGREST	MISS BEULAH CALHOUN
V. A. CALHOUN	MISS LELA MAY TATE

JACK



R. A. R. Club

Colors: Black and White.

Flower: Rabbit Tobacco.

Time of Meeting: Rounder's Hours.

Honored Emblem: Hook and Eye.

Motto: Keep your eyes open, and hook all you can.

MEMBERS.

H. BENTLEY

J. PIPPEN

J. BROWN

W. SAMFORD

W. BONNER

B. SHUPTRINE

B. HARRIS

W. STURDIVANT

M. JOHNSON

W. STUART

F. TURNIPSEED

E. JONES

J. RUSH

R. TURNIPSEED

W. TERRY

PLEDGED MEMBERS.

BRADLEY

DeGRAFFENREID

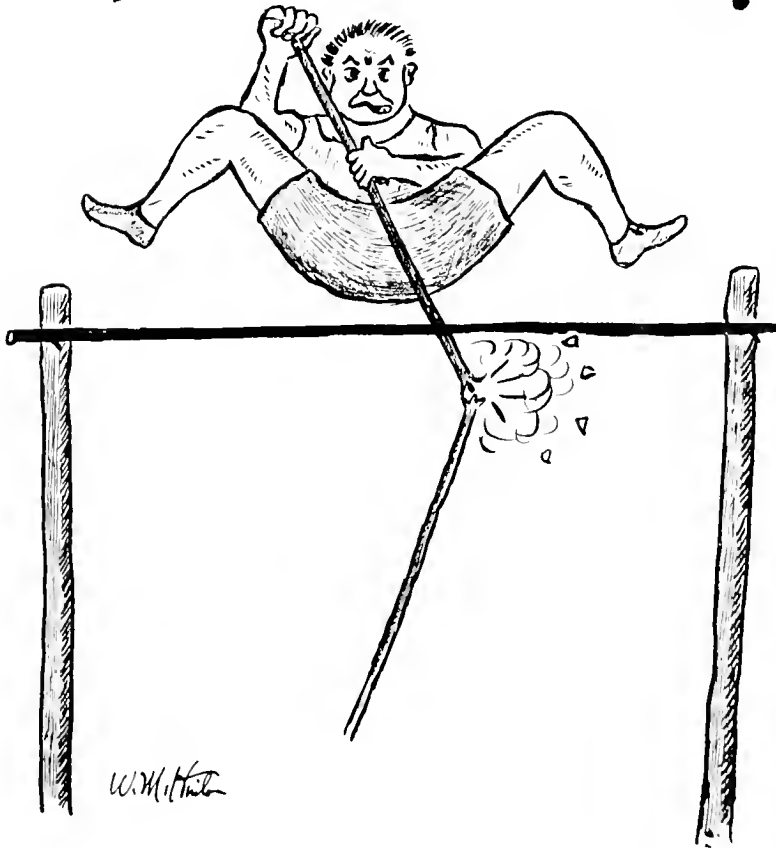
KENDRICKS

SPRUELL



CLASS BASKET BALL TEAMS

ATHLETICS.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS.

E. D. THORPE	<i>President</i>
E. T. CALHOUN	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. G. DOUGLAS	<i>Secretary</i>

BOARD OF CONTROL.

PROF. F. E. CHANMAN	<i>Chairman</i>
PROF. J. C. GODBEY	<i>Treasurer</i>
H. G. DOUGLAS	<i>Secretary</i>

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

PROF. D. M. KEY	T. J. ANDERSON
E. D. THORPE	WAYNE GILDER
W. M. HINTON	E. T. CALHOUN

MANAGERS OF TEAMS.

E. D. THORPE	<i>Base Ball.</i>
W. M. HINTON	<i>Basket Ball</i>
WAYNE GILDER	<i>Track</i>
T. J. ANDERSON	<i>Tennis</i>
WAYNE GILDER	<i>Foot Ball</i>

THE BASE BALL TEAM OF 1914

The year 1914 witnessed one of the most successful base ball teams S. U. has ever turned out. It was a winner from beginning to end. Some of the strongest aggregations in Southern college base ball were met and many a mighty team went down before the irresistible onslaught and brilliant team-work of old Southern's players. For years to come, the boys who saw those games, will remember the crack of the bats, the whisk of the ball, and the shouts of many a well-earned victory.

Line-up:

VARGEN CHAPMAN	Captain, First Base.
JOE SLEDGE	Second base.
GEO. VAN STUDDIFORD	Short Stop.
CULVER CALHOUN	Third Base.
TOW LOCKE	Pitcher and Center Field.
BILL LITTLE	Pitcher
EDWARD MCGEEHEE	Pitcher and Fielder.
EMMET SHARPE	Catcher.
LEON KERSH	Right Field.
SAL FISHER	Left Field
P. RYALS	Center Field and Second Base.
HEBER NEWSOM	Catcher.

GAMES OF 1914.

Greensboro	1
S. U.	11
Montgomery, Southern League	11
S. U.	7
Hamilton Agricultural	4 3 1
S. U.	2 0 3
Southwestern Presbyterian Univ.	5 0 4
S. U.	3 0 7
Howard College	1 5 3
S. U.	0 11 7
Birmingham College	0 0 0
S. U.	8 4 5
Marion Institute	2 9 3
S. U.	4 3 1
Marion Institute	3 0 3
S. U.	0 3 6
Cumberland University	0 4 16
S. U.	4 2 8
Newbern	1 0
S. U.	10 5

THE BASE BALL TEAM

The base ball schedule for the year 1915, is one of the most difficult that Southern University has ever faced. The teams that our 'varsity will meet are among the strongest in Southern college base ball. But the prospects are bright, our material is good, and this season promises to be even more successful, with a better team, than that of last year.

<i>Manager</i>	E. D. THORPE
<i>Captain</i>	BILL LITTLE

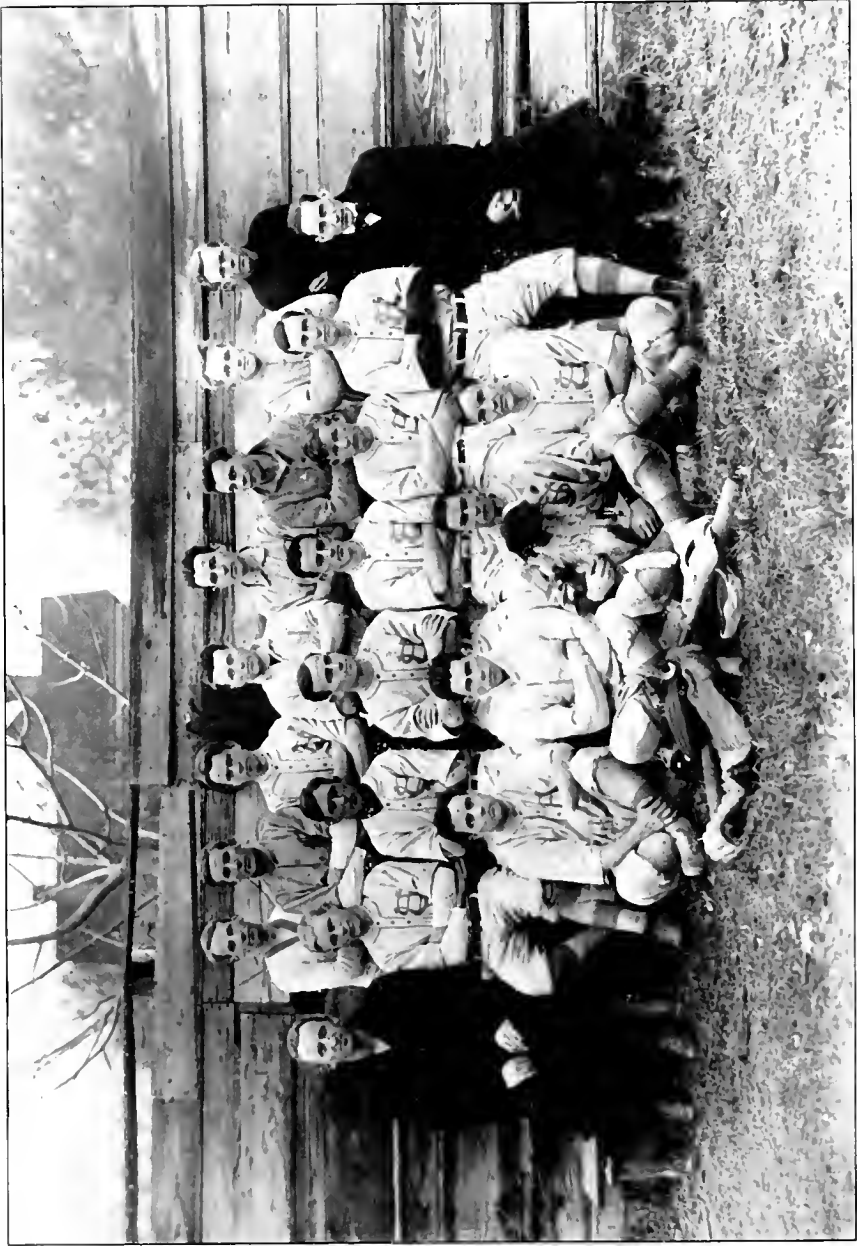
MEMBERS.

FRANK LIVINGSTON	RUDOLPH TURNIPSEED
KLINE BENTLEY	WILL CHAPMAN
JOE SLEDGE	LEON KERSH
BILL LITTLE	EDWARD MCGEEHEE
BUCK TURNIPSEED	J. L. EVANS
E. C. SHARPE	C. E. AVINGER
WHIRLEY WILLIAMS	J. B. BENSON
TOM B. LOCKE	NICK SEGREST
WILL TERRY	PERCY SPRUELL
H. T. MORGAN	

SCHEDULE.

March 17—Greensboro vs. Southern University.
 March 25—Sixth District Agricultural School vs. Southern University, on campus.
 March 26—Sixth District Agricultural School vs. Southern University, on campus.
 March 27—Sixth District Agricultural School vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 2—Southwestern Presbyterian University vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 3—Southwestern Presbyterian University vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 3—Southwestern Presbyterian University vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 6—Clark Memorial College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 7—Clark Memorial College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 14—Mississippi College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 15—Mississippi College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 21—Millsaps College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 22—Millsaps College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 April 26—Southern University vs. Millsaps College, in Jackson, Miss.
 April 27—Southern University vs. Millsaps College, in Jackson, Miss.
 April 28—Southern University vs. Clark Memorial College, in Newton, Miss.
 April 29—Southern University vs. Clark Memorial College, in Newton, Miss.
 April 30—Southern University vs. University of Alabama, in Tuscaloosa.
 May 1—Southern University vs. University of Alabama, in Tuscaloosa.
 May 3—Birmingham College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 May 4—Birmingham College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 May 5—Birmingham College vs. Southern University on campus.
 May 10—Howard College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 May 11—Howard College vs. Southern University, on campus.
 May 12—Howard College vs. Southern University, on campus.

(Commencement games are pending.)





TENNIS TEAM

T. J. ANDERSON *Manager.*

VARSITY.

JOE SLEDGE

TOM ANDERSON

E. H. McGEHEE

W. A. BONNER

RECORD 1914-15.

Doubles.

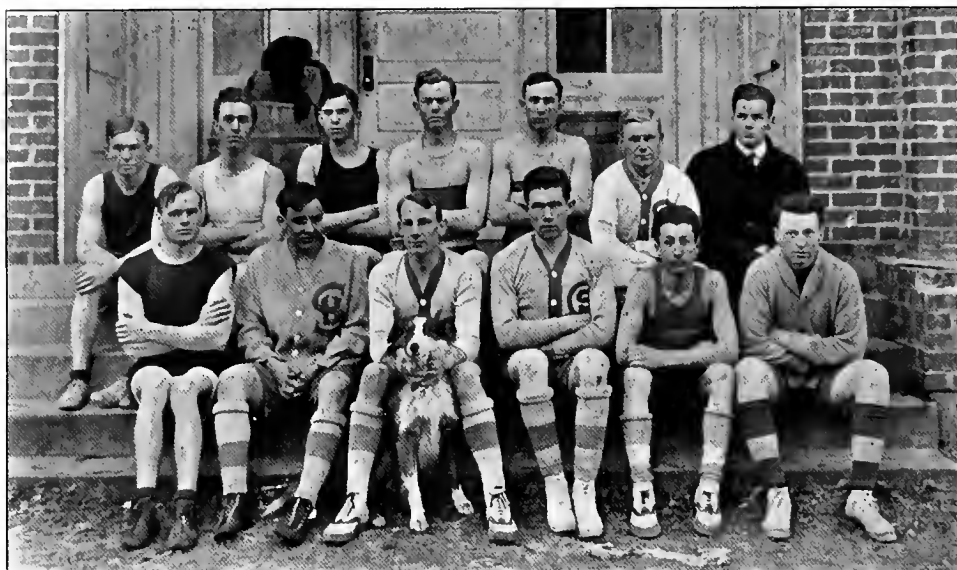
Southern University	1	2	4
Selma Y. M. C. A.	6	6	6

Singles.

Sledge (S. U.)	7	8
Dunklin (Selma)	9	10

Anderson (S. U.)	3	2
Lloyd (Selma)	6	6

(Other games for the spring are pending.)



TRACK TEAM

WAYNE GILDER

Manager.

MEMBERS.

F. E. DAY

W. T. DEAL

H. T. MORGAN

H. L. KERSH

J. B. BENSON

A. L. ATKINSON

R. TURNIPSEED

E. H. McGEHEE

F. TURNIPSEED

W. H. BONNER

E. C. SHARPE

W. H. ROBERTSON

FIELD DAY EXERCISES—FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1914.

The following are the winners of prizes in the events of Field Day:

50 Yard Dash—Thos. Cleveland, first; E. A. Allen, second; $6\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Shot Put—H. A. Newsom, first; E. A. Allen, second; 29 feet, 4 inches.

100 Yard Dash—E. A. Allen, first; A. L. Atkinson, second; 11 2-3 seconds.

Broad Jump—E. A. Allen, first; Wayne Gilder, second; 18 feet, 10 inches.

220 Yard Dash—A. L. Atkinson, first; E. A. Allen, second; 26 2-3 seconds.

Discus Throw—H. A. Newsom, first; E. H. McGehee, second; 82 feet, 9 inches.

Half Mile Run—A. L. Atkinson, first; W. T. Deal, second; 2 minutes, 49 seconds.

Pole Vault—F. M. Peterson, first; R. L. Fisher, second; 8 feet, 10 inches.

Quarter Mile Run—A. L. Atkinson, first; E. A. Allen, second; 60 1-5 seconds.

Hammer Throw—E. A. Allen, first; M. M. Mathews, second; 75 feet, 10 inches.

On Mile Run—A. L. Atkinson, first; Prentice Ryals, second; 5 minutes, 52 seconds.

High Jump—Warren Bonner, first; E. A. Allen, second; 4 feet, 7 inches.

All Round Athletic Medal—E. A. Allen, 30 points; second standing, A. L. Atkinson, 23 points.

OFFICIALS.

Judges of Finish—Spott Williams, Price Kimbrough.

Time Keepers—Young Stollenwerck, T. H. Jack.

Starter—Chas. W. Wheeler.

Judges of the Course—E. B. Calhoun, T. J. Anderson, E. D. Thorpe, C. A. Haskew.

Announcer—Winston Withers.

General Judge—J. C. Godbey.



THE "GYM" TEAM

W. A. BONNER	<i>Captain.</i>
J. C. GODBEY	<i>Director..</i>

MEMBERS.

H. T. MORGAN

WALLACE CALHOUN

A. L. ATKINSON

FELIX TURNIPSEED

F. E. DAY

E. C. SHARPE

W. H. ROBERTSON

W. A. BONNER

J. B. BENSON

RUDOLPH TURNIPSEED

H. L. KERSH

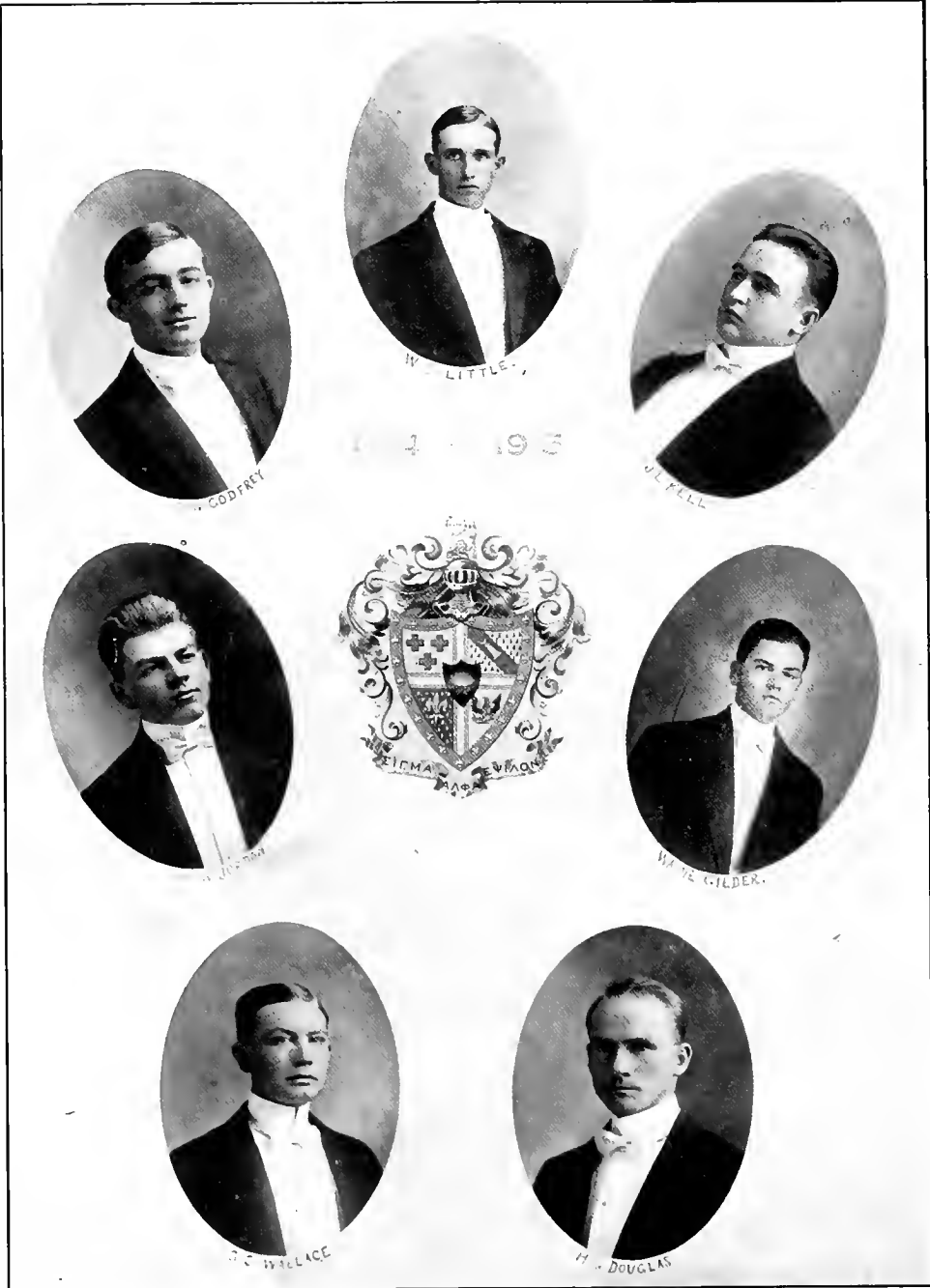
W. T. DEAL

E. H. MCGEEHEE

W. H. BONNER







SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Founded March 9, 1856, at the University of Alabama.

Colors: Purple and Old Gold.

Flower: Violet.

ALABAMA IOTA CHAPTER.

Founded 1878.

YELL.

Phi Alpha, allacazee!

Phi Alpha, alacaron!

Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon!

Ruh, rah, bon, ton!

Sigma Alpha Epsilon!

Ruh, rah; ruh, rah, ree,

Alabama Iota of S. A. E.

FRATRES IN URBE.

CHAS. A. RUSH

EDWARD W. DEGRAFFENREID

THOS. E. KNIGHT

THEODORE H. JACK

EDWIN S. JACK

WM. E. W. YERBY

CADWALLADER ERWIN

ANDERSON HANNA

A. INGE SELDON

HARRY A. TAYLOR

MORGAN SMAW

C. YOUNG STOLLENWERCK

SPOTTSMOOD W. H. WILLIAMS

ARCHIBALD LAWSON, JR.

LEWIS J. LAWSON

ALEXANDER E. WALLER

CHAS. E. WALLER

ROBERT K. GREENE

CLARK M. OSBORN

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

DR. CHAS. A. RUSH.

THEODORE H. JACK.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

1916

WAYNE GILDER.

W. E. LITTLE.

1917

D. W. GODFREY.

H. G. DOUGLAS.

1918

GEO. C. WALLACE.

J. L. KELLEY.

W. W. JORDAN.



PI KAPPA ALPHA

Founded at the University of Virginia, March 4, 1868.

Flower: Lily of the Valley.

Colors: Garnet and Old Gold.

Official Publication: Shield and Diamond.

FOUNDERS.

FREDERICK SOUTHWATE TAYLOR	Norfolk, Va.
JULIAN EDWARD WOOD	Elizabeth City, N. C.
LITTLETON WALLER TAZWELL	Norfolk, Va.
ROBERTSON HOWARD	Washington, D. C.
JAMES BENJAMIN SLATER	Richmond, Va.

DELTA CHAPTER.

Established 1871, Re-established 1905.

CLASS OF 1916.

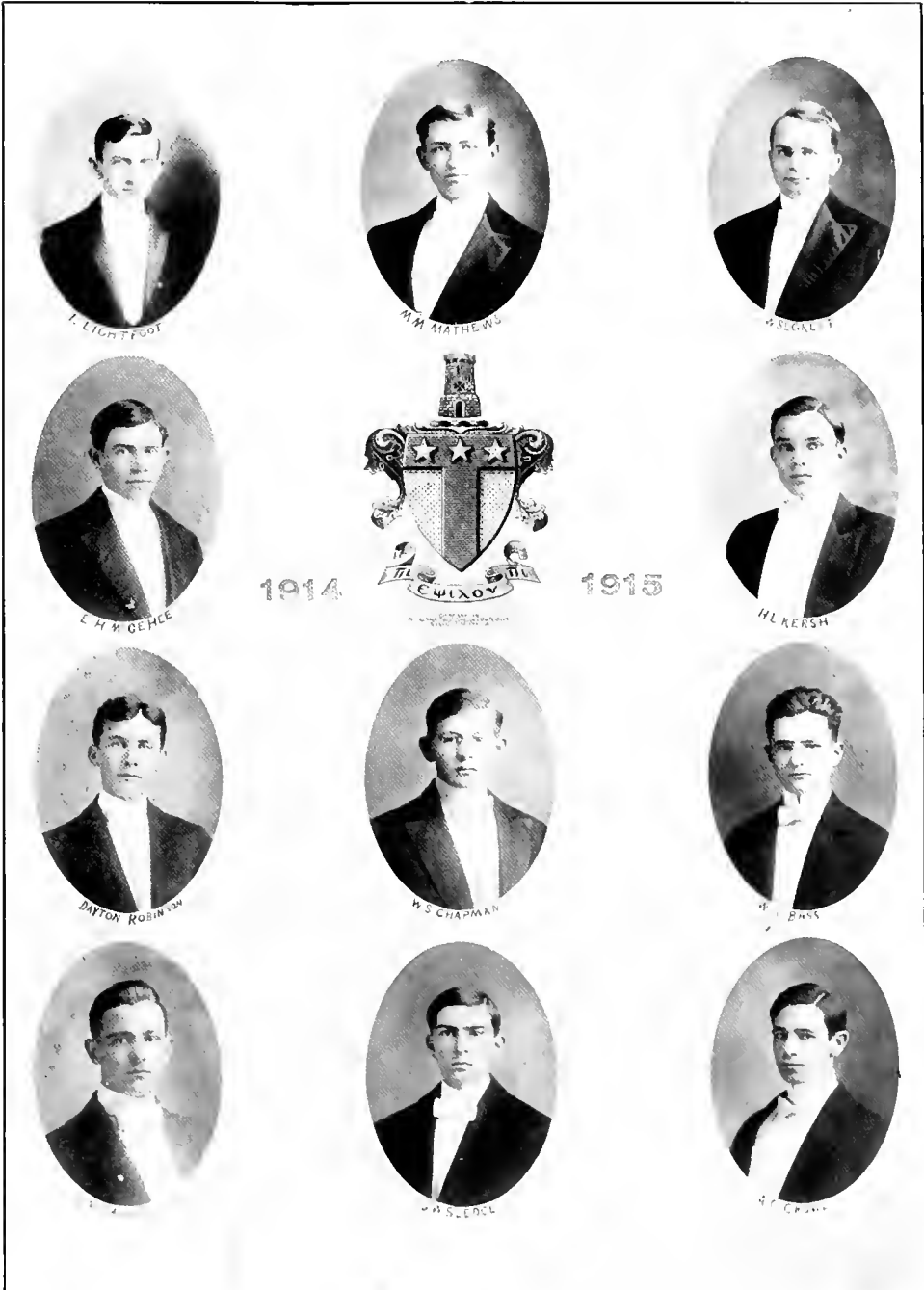
A. E. BARNETT, JR.	Opelika, Ala.
F. B. JOYNER	Ethelville, Ala.
E. T. CALHOUN	Greensboro, Ala.

CLASS OF 1917.

W. H. ROBERTSON	Loachapoka, Ala.
R. H. ALLGOOD	Dadeville, Ala.
W. E. CALHOUN	Greensboro, Ala.
J. E. MCCURDY	Flomaton, Ala.

CLASS OF 1918.

W. A. BONNER	Greensboro, Ala.
J. F. LIVINGSTON	Notasulga, Ala.
H. T. MORGAN	Honoraville, Ala.
GOLDMAN PALMER	Clanton, Ala.
E. C. SHARPE	Forney, Ala.



ALPHA TAU OMEGA

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1865.

Active Chapters, 63.

Colors: Old Gold and Sky Blue.

Flower: White Tea Rose.

Publication: Palm of Alpha Tau Omega.

FOUNDERS.

OTIS A. GLAZEBROOK

ALFRED MARSHAL

ERSKINE M. ROSS

BETA BETA CHAPTER.

Established in 1885.

FRATRES IN FACULATE.

C. P. ATKINSON

F. E. CHAPMAN

FRATRES IN URBE.

T. R. WARD

H. H. EVANS

R. H. SMITH

J. A. STRAITON

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

CLASS OF 1915.

TUPPER LIGHTFOOT

M. M. MATHEWS

C. W. SEGREST

H. L. KERSH

CLASS OF 1916.

E. H. MCGEEKE

DAYTON ROBINSON

CLASS OF 1917.

JOE SLEDGE

CLASS OF 1918.

W. A. BASS

A. C. CROWE

W. S. CHAPMAN

J. M. DANNELLY, JR.

BUSINESS MANAGER'S REPORT

LIABILITIES.

Drinks, cigars, bikes, taxes (Editor-in-Chief).....	\$ 487.60
Engraving Bill	15.34
Attorney fees, libel suits "Southron".....	1225.00
Office rent, typewriter, stenographer, etc.....	1.25
Pocket change for editorial staff—in order to "squash" reckless outside talk.....	861.25
To publishers	25.00
"Knock-Down" by Business Manager	1500.00
Postage, paper, pencils, ink, etc.....	423.92
Incidentals (Xmas money for Editors).....	250.75
Cash on hand	15
<hr/>	
Total	\$4790.26

ASSETS.

Sale of Annuals	\$ 48.00
Advertisements	2021.91
Rebate from photographer	215.35
Received from clubs, societies, etc.....	5.00
From faculty—to show their appreciation of the good "write-ups" we gave them.....	2500.00
<hr/>	
Total	\$4790.26

I hereby swear that there is not one word of truth in the above statement.

C. W. SEGREST, Bus, Mgr.

Sworn before me this 4th day of July, 1492.

H. G. DOUGLAS, Notorious Democraticus.



JOKES.

JOKES

Dr. Bonner: "What is the longest word in the English language?"
Will Deal: "Rubber, I suppose, it will stretch so."



Bass (coming to a sudden stop in German): "Prof. Steinbrenner, what does that word mean?"

Prof. Steinbrenner: "Veil, Mr. Bass, are you de professor this morning? Dat is vot I want you to tell me."



Prof. Steinbrenner: Did anybody hear that screech owl last night?"
"Frog" Robinson: "Yes, Professor, he was in your pear tree. I started to go out and see about him."

Prof. Steinbrenner: "Yes, Mr. Robinson, but I am liable to shoot that owl."



"Happy" Robinson: "Prof. Godbey, I could not find 'microbes' in the dictionary."
Prof. Godbey: "Perhaps there were none in there."



Prof. Lewis: "How far did you get in working up your History Syllabus, Mr. Douglas?"

Douglas: "I got down as far as the library door."



Rough on Rats: Mr. Allgood was sitting somewhat pensively in his room when a mouse ran across the floor. Allgood sprang to his feet, grabbed a broom, and yelled, "Forty-five degrees, Rat!" Of course the varment made his exit with "Ratlike" celerity.



Segrest: "Co-eds are a pest."



Bass says a laugh is nothing but a "busted smile."



Prof. Godbey: "What is aqua fortis?"
Gilder: "I suppose, derivitively speaking, that it means brave water."
Prof. Godbey: "Why, whoever heard of brave water? All water will run."



Prof. Godbey: "It is getting late. I must go home and take my drawing lesson."
"Frog" Robertson: "Who do you take your drawing from?"
Prof. Godbey: "The cow."



Prof. Lewis: "What is a civil war?"
George Wallace: "It is a war among civiilized people."

Dr. Bonner: "What is Shakespeare's masterpiece?"
Mit Mathews: "Daute."



Dr. Atkinson: "What does the Exodus mean?"
Bill Little: "That was when Hezekiah led the children of Israel out of the Garden of Eden."



Deal (walking down Dauphin Street, Mobile, while on a Glee Club trip): "Prof. Godbey, that Mr. *Cafe* has restaurants in every town I have been in."



Prof. Chapman likens Rudolph Turnipseed to a rapidly flowing river giving as his reason that he is always "frothing at the mouth."



Prof. Lewis: "Tell me all you know about Mohammed."
Will Chapman: "He was one of the greatest men of his day, but did not accept Christianity until after he had cross the Rubicon."



Prof. Godbey: "What! Do you know what Sodium Stereate is? Did you never use it?"
Will Alison: "No, Professor, what is it?"
Prof. Godbey: "Soap."



Dr. Bonner: "Someone quote the opening lines of Gray's Elegy, please."
Irby Savage: "Curfew shall not ring tonight."



Dr. Bonner: "Who wrote the 'Ode to Lucius?'"
Fred Joyner: "My book says it was a fellow named Anonyms."



Pippen (speaking with oracular dignity): "Once again England is faced by a crisis. There has been nothing like it since Charlemagne burned his boats and crossed the Thames."



"So you say that Gene Thorpe is keeping books now and getting a good salary besides his regular allowance? That is fine. Does he put away anything on pay day?"
Alison (his room-mate): "Never less than three quarts."



Bill Little met a little boy on the street and thought that he would have some fun at his expense.
"Hello, Bud!" he said, "I'll give you eighty-five cents for that dollar you have."
"Will you, sure nuff?" asked the sharp youngster.
"Yes," replied Bill.
The boy handed over the dollar and Bill put eighty-five cents in his palm for return.
"Eighty-five cents," he explained; "Not bad, is it?"
"No," answered the boy over his shoulder, "but the dollar is."

Prof. Lewis: "How did the 'Rump Parliament' get its name?"

Jas. Gayle: "By sitting so long."



"What has become of your watch, Tupper? The one you used to have had a hand some gold case."

"I know it did, but *circumstances* alter *cases*."



"McCurdy, you have been fighting, I hear," said a very religious companion.

"Yes, I have."

"Well, don't you remember what the Good Book says about turning the other cheek?"

"Yes, my dear friend, but he hit me on my nose, and I have only one."



A bad start. Prof. Steinbrenner: "Now class, name some of the domestic animals, starting with Mr. Allgood."



Dr. Bonner: "That is not the same excuse you sent me yesterday."

Tom Cathoun: "No, sir, Doctor, but you didn't believe that one, I was afraid."



Hostess: "I want you to sing, Prof. Godbey, but it's such a pleasant party that I hate to break it up."



"I like this little town of yours," said a traveller to Bill Little. "There is so much room that I suppose everyone can get plenty of oxygen."

"No, sir," said Bill, "we have absolute prohibition for a radius of five miles about here."



Palmer: "Let's drop into this restaurant."

Dannelly: "I don't believe I care to eat anything."

Palmer: "Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one, anyway?"



Gilder was standing in front of the mantle when his foot slipped and he measured his length on the floor. McCurdy, looking up from his book, hurried to him with the anxious question:

"Good gracions! How did you fall?"

Gilder looked up at the questioner and replied in a somewhat sareastic voice:

"Horizontally."



Dr. Bonner: "Tell all you know about Keats."

"Palmer: "Really, Dr. Bonner, I have forgotten what Keats are."



Ask the Glee Club boys about:

"Ballin' the Jack."

"You my goblin man?"

"Room 17, The St. George."
"The Night at the Woman's College."
"Prof. Godbey playing rook."
"Those shoe-shines at Calera."
"Why they call Hinton 'Dummy, dummy, dum?'"
"Why Palmer wouldn't swing on the Jolly Blacksmith."
"Bill Little's Duck Hunt."
"It's a long way to Montevallo."
"Toilet water as a drink."
"When the lights winked in Montevallo."
"How Thorpe sprained his ankle."



Prof. Godbey in Chemistry: "If anything should be wrong in this experiment, I and the laboratory with me might be blown sky high. Come closer, gentlemen so that you may be better able to follow me."



Prof. Steinbrenner: "Mr. Kersh, what are coquettes?"
Kersh: "I don't know exactly what they are made of, Professor, but I've eaten them."



Barnett to a young lady at a Glee Club reception.
"Now Miss—who do you think are the preachers on the club?"
"Why, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. McCurdy and Mr. Little. They all look so religious."



A loafer watching the Glee Club take the bus for the depot.
"Say, is that the ball team leaving?"
"No, the Glee Club."
"Well, I hope you win."



An innocent Freshman was given a bid by one of our fraternities. In reply he expressed his appreciation, but said, "I am sorry, but I have already pledged to the Belles Lettres."

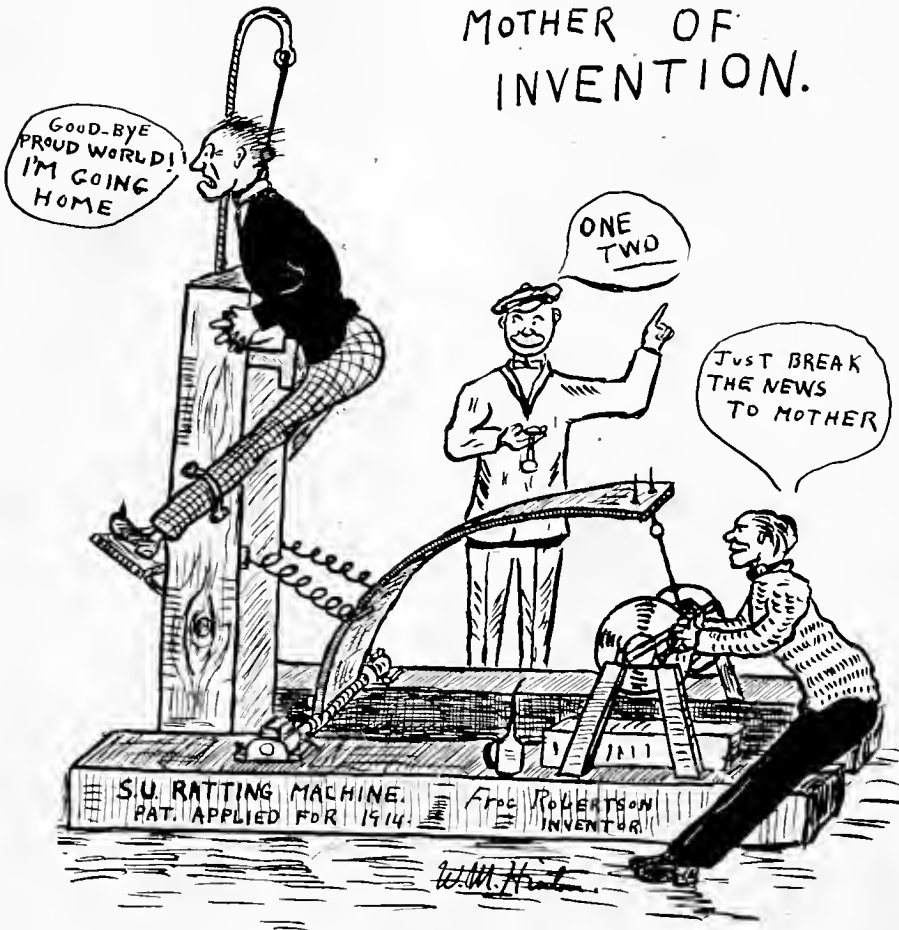


Prof. Lewis: "Mr. Atkinson, what was the purpose of the crusades?"
"Possum": "They wanted to bring back the Holy Sepulchre, didn't they, Professor?"



Dr. Atkinson: "What is the parable of the good Samaritan?"
Mr. Bass: "A man went out of a city. Some robbers jumped on him, murdered him, and almost killed him."

NECESSITY IS THE
MOTHER OF
INVENTION.



STUDENT ELECTIONS

A few days ago, I passed two co-eds in the upper hall who were engaged in a most heated discussion. Fearing that their remarks might lead to violence, and wishing to make secure my own safety, I was about to slip hurriedly away, when one wrathfully commanded me to stop. My heart sank within my breast, and with trembling knees I approached the angry goddesses of S. U. to timidly await their orders.

"Sir!" began one who had flashing blue eyes, "We have been debating for the past hour or more the question, who is the handsomest student in college, and we cannot agree! Now I know that Jimmie Gayle is the best looking, but——"

There the other, with tears in her soft brown eyes, stamped her small foot impetuously and cried out:

"He is not! Webb Jordan is the handsomest man in the world. Oh please, please tell her so, Mr.— She just won't listen to me."

"Sir," replied the blue-eyed beauty threateningly, "If you decide in her favor, I'll never, no never, speak to you again! So there."

Ah, what a dreadful penalty; but here Miss Brown-eyes spoke:

"And if you say Jimmy Gayle is the handsomest, you just see what you will get! Why, why, I will never so much as look at you again, as long as I live!"

Plainly, I was in a position to be pitied. How could I afford to incur the wrath of a co-ed, and yet there seemed no escape. Ah, how I wished that I might drop through the floor and thus save myself from giving an answer which in either case meant certain destruction. But oh, joy of joys! A fleeting idea passed through my brain and, as a drowning man grasps a straw, I seized upon it as my deliverance. Thus with humble, modest voice I addressed the tempestuous maidens before me:

"Oh, most fair ones, you do me unspeakable honor to request my incompetent judgment on a question of such momentous importance. I would that I had the wisdom of Solomon to make answer, but alas, I am at best a poor judge of beauty. Far better does it seem to me to submit this matter to the student body, and oh, beauteous damsels, if you will permit me to depart in peace, tomorrow will we have a Student Election, to decide not only the handsomest man in S. U., but many other things of minor importance."

And thus I avoided an awful doom, for both co-eds agreed, and below, you may read for yourself the result of the voting which took place in Chapel the following day.

THE HANDSOMEST MAN.—Mr. Tom Anderson won this coveted position. His rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes had no competition whatever. The co-eds had a wide diversity of opinion on this, and no two of them voted alike.

THE MOST POPULAR PROFESSOR.—J. C. Godbey. Prof. Godbey probably comes in touch with more of the boys than any other member of the Faculty. There is no student activity in which he is not a vital factor. When not in the class room, he may be found on the athletic field or in the gym., with the Glee Club or on the track, but always busy, lending his aid to some phase of college life.

THE MOST POPULAR CO-ED.—Elizabeth Rush received this election by a large majority. The result was not a surprise to anyone, especially to those who had tried anxiously to get an open date.

"Her smile, her speech, her winning way,
Whiled all the college boys' time away."

THE MOST POPULAR STUDENT.—W. M. Hinton. This large, lubberly, ungainly specimen was fortunate enough to secure this position. How it all happened, no one knows, and it will probably remain a secret to the end of time. At any rate it was a great surprise to "Fatty."

THE BIGGEST LIAR.—Bill Little. Ananias is not in it when it comes to prevaricating. Bill has him "skint a mile." His powers are not limited to the English language, but he can falsify with equal skill in any other tongue. It is reported that Bill made the statement that he could get enough money from home, and we know that's a lie. No college man ever lived who could do that.

THE BIGGEST CROOK.—Goldman Palmer. It is a lamentable fact to know that Palmer is not studying law. What a legal light he would make! He is so crooked, that if he puts a nail in his pocket, it comes out a shoe-buttoner.

THE BIGGEST LOAFER.—W. V. Pierce. "From early dawn to set of sun, he loaf's the whole day long." His most serious occupation is, chewing gum. His favorite haunt is the bench in front of the hotel. His highest ambition, the winning of ONE fair co-ed. If the energy and power that he expends in chewing gum could be harnessed for industry the force of Niagara would be insignificant.

THE BIGGEST EATER.—Ralph Allgood. He is one of the wonders of the world; small of stature but with a skin that stretches like India rubber. Biscuits, battercakes, grits and gravy disappear like magic. His favorite delicacy is twelve coconut pies, eaten right after dinner. His favorite beverage is eight chocolate milks, taken before retiring. He is now trying to stint himself and has reduced his breakfast from twenty-three biscuits to nineteen and a half.

THE BIGGEST FOOT.—Edward McGehee. The earth trembles when he walks. The negroes charge twenty-five cents to shine his shoes. His feet are so large that he has to put his pants on over his head.

THE UGLIEST MAN.—Tupper Lightfoot was elected to this position without a dissenting vote. If you don't think he deserved it, we beg of you to glance at his physiognomy among the Senior Class pictures. "Quod erat demonstrandum."

THE PRETTIEST CO-ED.—Rosalind Rush. Where can you find more competent judges of beauty than among college men? They are the first to mark the charm of sparkling eyes, the first to note the curve of dainty lips, and the first to see the tint of rosy cheeks. Their decisions are unimpeachable. So, ye who read, may rest assured that Rosalind Rush is indeed the prettiest co-ed at S. U.

THE WITTIEST MAN.—A tie between W. T. Deal and "Bally" Douglas, a most famous combination. Room-mates are they and the very atmosphere of their room seems funny. They spout forth wit and humorous sayings as a freight engine belches forth sparks on a heavy grade. Wherever they go they cause great amusement.

THE BIGGEST LADIES' MAN.—W. V. Pierce. There is a cunning way about Pierce that the girls cannot resist. He has so many sly tricks by which he attracts attention to his charming personality. He often takes an advantageous position in the choir on Sundays so that all may admire his beauty. But only the "persistent" deserve the fair.

THE MOST INTELLECTUAL MAN.—Let us introduce you to Mr. C. W. Segrest as the man with the brightest intellect. His scholarship is of the highest quality, and while at the Fitting School he led all his class-mates in grades. Since entering college his averages have always been above 90, and he tied with Mathews last year for the Comer English prize. However, he says, "Co-eds are a Pest." Perhaps that is an indication of his wisdom.

THE HARDEST BONER AND THE BIGGEST SLEEPER were both won by Chas. Avinger. In fact he does but two things, he bones, and then to recuperate, he sleeps. He delights to ponder on the choice selections from Horace and Tibullus. He says that when he learns to read Egyptian Hieroglyphics he will be at a loss to find more difficult pursuits. We suggest that he begin the study of Tate's head. That is the hardest thing we know of.

THE BIGGEST SPORT.—Goldman Palmer indeed merits that position. Malcolm Johnson's monocle and overcoat gained for him a generous vote, but Palmer's mackinaw, resembling David's coat of many colors, won the day.

THE BIGGEST SPENTHRIEF. Tupper Lightfoot. Whoever heard of buying ten cent bars of soap? Yet that's just what Tupper does. And that is not all, two-hundred dollar frat pins, drinks at the soda fount, postage stamps, and twenty-five cent socks are all included in his extravagant purchases. No wonder he was elected to this position. "Verily, a fool and his money soon parts."

THE LUCKIEST MAN.—Leon Kersh was elected to this place because of his great success in athletics. Some say that it is luck, but we attribute it to his ability.

THE BIGGEST HOT-AIR ARTIST. "Clackety clack! Bumpety boom, crash how-wow bang!!!" That is Rudolph Turnipseed coming 'round the corner with his mouth going like a Ladies' Aid Society meeting. But he is a valued addition to the rooters at co-ed basket ball games. "The weakest of us has a gift."

THE MOST POPULAR ATHLETE.—Leon Kersh led the team in batting last year. He is a tip-top fielder and good base-runner. He is equally as skillful on the basket ball court and on the track. His prowess in gymnastics is well known and summing it all up, Kersh is one of the best all-round athletes that ever attended Southern University.

THE BEST WRITER.—W. M. Hinton was elected to this place, solely on account of his ability to write basket ball and other ads on the Bulletin board. But even those displayed startling literary merit. However, he is not half as good as he thinks he is.

THE BEST ORATOR.—H. I. Savage. Have you ever passed by the Belles Lettres Society hall at night, and heard issuing from the windows the mighty tones like unto the bellowing of a bull? The very mice flee from the building in terror, and the toads and crickets desert the campus. But there should be no cause of alarm. It is only Savage, the best orator at S. U., practicing his commencement speech.

THE MOST DESPERATE IN LOVE.—Tupper Lightfoot. Poor boy! He is indeed beyond hope. He wanders about sighing, like the wind in the lofty pines. He gazes by night at the mellow moon, and composes dainty verses of love in which he sings of the birds, the flowers and a beautiful maiden of whom he is always thinking. He is becoming slender and wan, and his noble brow is growing pale from much anxiety. Oh, Cupid, thou art a wanton god, and carest little where thy painful darts may strike. Thou must have "shootest" a dozen in Tupper's heart.

THE LAZIEST MAN.—Velo Calhoun and "Maude" Allgood tied for this place. They are both so lazy, that they had rather drink bitter coffee than stir the sugar in it. Why should such a beautiful place as S. U. be thus encumbered?

THE MOST DIGNIFIED SENIOR.—Mr. Eugene-ahem-Thorpe of-ahem-De Funiak Springs, Fla. His lofty and dignified countenance would do justice to the solemnity of the Supreme Court of the United States. His manner is quiet, but oppressive, no, impressive.

THE WORST HAZER.—"Frog" Robertson.

A scurry of feet in the village street,
A form in the dark, flying fearful and fleet,
And "whack" sounds forth on the stillness of night,
And the hurrying "Rat" increases his flight.

Thus "Frog" performs his duty at the beginning of each college year.

THE MAN WITH THE BRIGHTEST PROMISE OF A SUCCESSFUL FUTURE.—Segrest no doubt has great possibilities wrapped up in him, but they are, as yet, wrapped up. But he may be President of the S. U. some day. Who knows? Even now he is President of the Senior Class. We feel sure, however, that he will be successful in whatever he undertakes, though it be nothing more than the managing of college annuals.

THE MAN WITH THE PRETTIEST EYES.—Ah, there we have Mr. D. W. Godbey. Whew! "Ain't his eyes too cute for anything."—(Co-ed.)

The editorial staff was offered large sums of money by different anxious men, to disclose the votes of certain co-eds on this question. But many were doomed to disappointment. How could one perplexed maiden vote for at least a half dozen expectant boys, as the one possessing the loveliest eyes?

THE SWEETEST SINGER.—Wayne Gilder, without the shadow of a doubt, has the best voice on the Glee Club. His rich, mellow bass is charming in its power, and he won most enthusiastic applause on the trips. The vote was almost unanimous in electing him to this place.

This completes the Great Student Election. Of course it was all done in the spirit of fun; yet there are some very great underlying truths hidden in its results.



"THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES"

The eight o'clock English class had assembled, and all were sitting comfortably around the stove in the warm room. Dr. Bonner had just reached the conclusion, that Kipling must have been dealing with English suffragettes when he wrote "The Female of the Species is Deadlier than the Male," and to say the least that he was speaking very ungallantly of the fair sex. But at this instance a bitter memory surged through his brain, his usually sunny face became pensive and sad, and he heaved a mournful sigh as he gazed through the window at the bare trees, swaying in the winter wind. The class waited expectantly and McCurdy of noted tender heart was seen to shed a few tears of sheer sympathy as he beheld the look of grief on the Doctor's face.

"Yes," said Dr. Bonner, "That reminds me of the time, when as Kipling said, the female of the species did prove deadlier than the male. It happened in this way, about the latter part of last Spring. My Jersey cow, and there was never a more lovable animal, was accustomed to take her daily walk and to contemplate the beauties of Nature, in the bright, green meadow just back of the college campus. Now I was very much delighted one morning, when the hired colored boy greeted me with these words:

"Foh de lan's sake, Doctah, dat Jubsey cow o' yourn is got a leetle boy cafe, down yander in de pastuh. Ise gwine down to drive er up."

"Alright Lloyd," I said "Just put them in the lot."

"But in a few minutes, that ebony cherub, bespattered with mud, came running back with his eyes shining, and evidently very much frightened."

"Doctah," he gasped, "Dat cow is jes so scrumptious 'bout dat cafe, dat she fout me all ober dat branch. Like ter hooked me in de scrimmage, she did, an' I bruk muh galluses er-runnin'."

"Oh, tut, tut Lloyd," I replied somewhat vexed. "You are afraid of her, that's all. Why, she wouldn't hook any one, and she has a most amiable disposition. I'll get her myself."

"And I started. As I looked down upon the meadow from the hill, the scene was one of rare beauty. How lovely was the morning. The spring day was perfect. I remember, even now, the sweet odor of the growing grass, the azure blue of the sky, and the liquid notes of a joyous mocking bird in the neighboring grove. And there stood 'Bossy,' gazing with dreamy eyes at the sun-kissed landscape, while the little calf, the pride of her heart, lay in sleepy content beneath the shadow of a bush. A little brook gurgled merrily at my feet."

"Thus with tender thoughts awakened in my soul, and with the best of intentions, I advanced towards her ladyship, with my face wreathed in smiles. She seemed to regard my approach with suspicion, and stared at me in a most insolent way, while I bashfully waited to note the good-will beaming from my physiognomy. However, she continued to gaze at me in that disconcerting manner, until I felt very much embarrassed indeed.

"Perhaps she is bilious this morning," I decided, "At any rate she is not in a receptive mood," so I began to retire in a most courteous manner, walking backwards down the hill.

"But, oh, horrors of horrors! Let me tell you friends, it's the little things in life that count. That mischievous little calf beneath the bush, looked out with a twinkle in his eye, and wished create a little excitement of his own. Suddenly he made an awkward scramble, tottered shakily to his feet and gave utterance to a terrified and plaintive 'Ba-a-a-a,' which being interpreted in cow language means, 'Go to 'em, ma, make it hot for him.' The mother responded nobly. She squinted one eye, took dead aim unlimbered her hooking apparatus with a violent shake of her head, and came cavorting towards me. Plainly this was no time for intercession! I wheeled about, and in high gear started down the hill. But the peaceful brook barred my way, and I was wondering how to cross, when I received unexpected assistance. I felt a stunning blow on my hip-pocket, I sprawled upward into the

air, and cleared the branch in one mighty leap. As I dropped into a corn field beyond I heard the delighted bleat of a little calf.

When, a few hours later, I became conscious once again of this old world, the same lovely scene met my view. The sky, though 'twas mid-day, was filled with stars, and bent in graceful beauty above us. Once more the fragrance of the growing grasses assailed my nostrils, while the mocking bird, all unmindful of the recent tragedy, poured forth his melody on the soft spring air. The little calf was lying beneath his bush, lulled to sleep by the soft gurgle of the brook. And Bossy, dear Bossy, was cropping the rich young grass, with the seat of my Sunday trousers, dangling triumphantly from her horns. And wrapping the draperies of my coat about me, I arose from pleasant dreams.



THAT EIGHT O'CLOCK RECITATION

In a cold and dreary dawning, of a dismal winter morning

When you're waked from pleasant slumber by a knock upon your door;

When you're feeling good and happy, lying there so snug and "nappy"

Oh, it makes you awful snappy, Does that knock upon your door,

That loud knock which tells on plainly,

"Get up quickly, sleep no more,

Time for rising, sleep no more."

But you lie there "Just a minute", ("I'll dress quick when I begin it"

Is your thought.) Again a knocking something louder than before.

Now your happy dreams all scatter, and your teeth begin to chatter,

But this really doesn't matter for a voice is at the door

And it shouts, "Get in a hurry, you'll be late as oft before

"To your early recitation you'll be late as oft before

Though I told you, sleep no more."

Now indeed, you're in a flurry and around the room you "scurry"

For you know that "eight o'clock" you can afford to "buck" no more.

Gone the quickness that you vaunted; nothing found when it is wanted,

And the very room seems haunted by those "eights" you "bucked" before

All those "eight" you've "bucked," whose lessons now are gone for ever-more,

"Bucked," and gone forever-more.

Hark! I hear Jim's bell is ringing, and this message it is bringing,

"Come! come to your recitation; time for primping now is o'er,"

So to class you haste, well knowing, to a certain "bust" you're going.

But the Fates are kind this morning as they've never been before.

'Fessor's late! I am not tardy! How the Fates I will adore!

Will adore, forever-more.

—*With apologies to E. A. Poe.*

BENEDICITE

Turn my pages—never mind
If you like not all you find;
Think not all the grains are gold
Sacramento's sand banks hold.

Best for worst shall make amends,
Find us, keep us, leave us friends.
Till, perchance, we meet again,
Benedicite—Amen!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

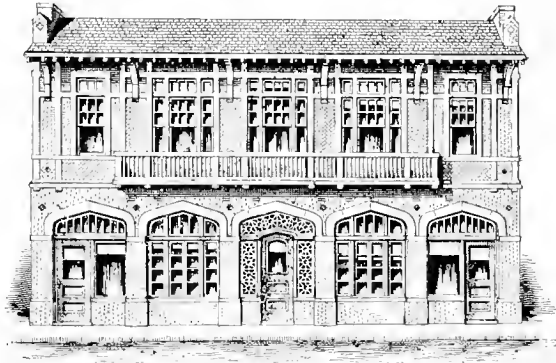
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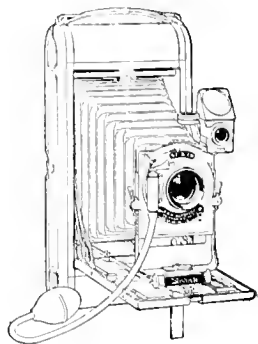
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SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTE- RIAN UNIVERSITY	0	3	1
S. U.	3	2	4

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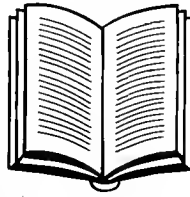
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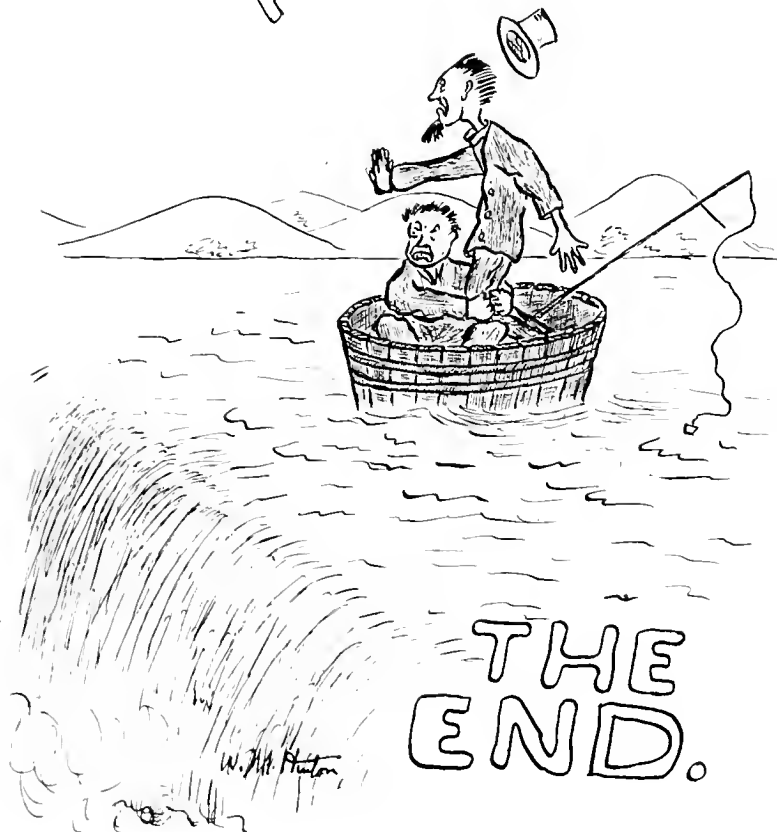
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